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SEPTEMBER 6, 1966

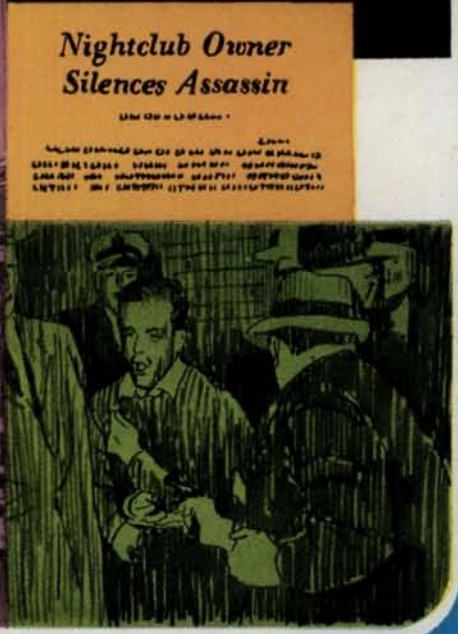
HAROLD WILSON AT THE BRINK

NATIONAL REVIEW

WAS THERE AN ACCOMPLICE?

An Analysis of President John F. Kennedy's Assassination
by the author of The Story of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case

FRANCIS RUSSELL



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GOD'S UNDERTAKERS: THE FLAW IN THE ARGUMENT—HERBERG ♦ WINETASTING AT HARVESTTIME, ALEC WAUGH ♦ ELSPETH HUXLEY ♦ LEJEUNE ♦ DAVENPORT ♦ BURNHAM

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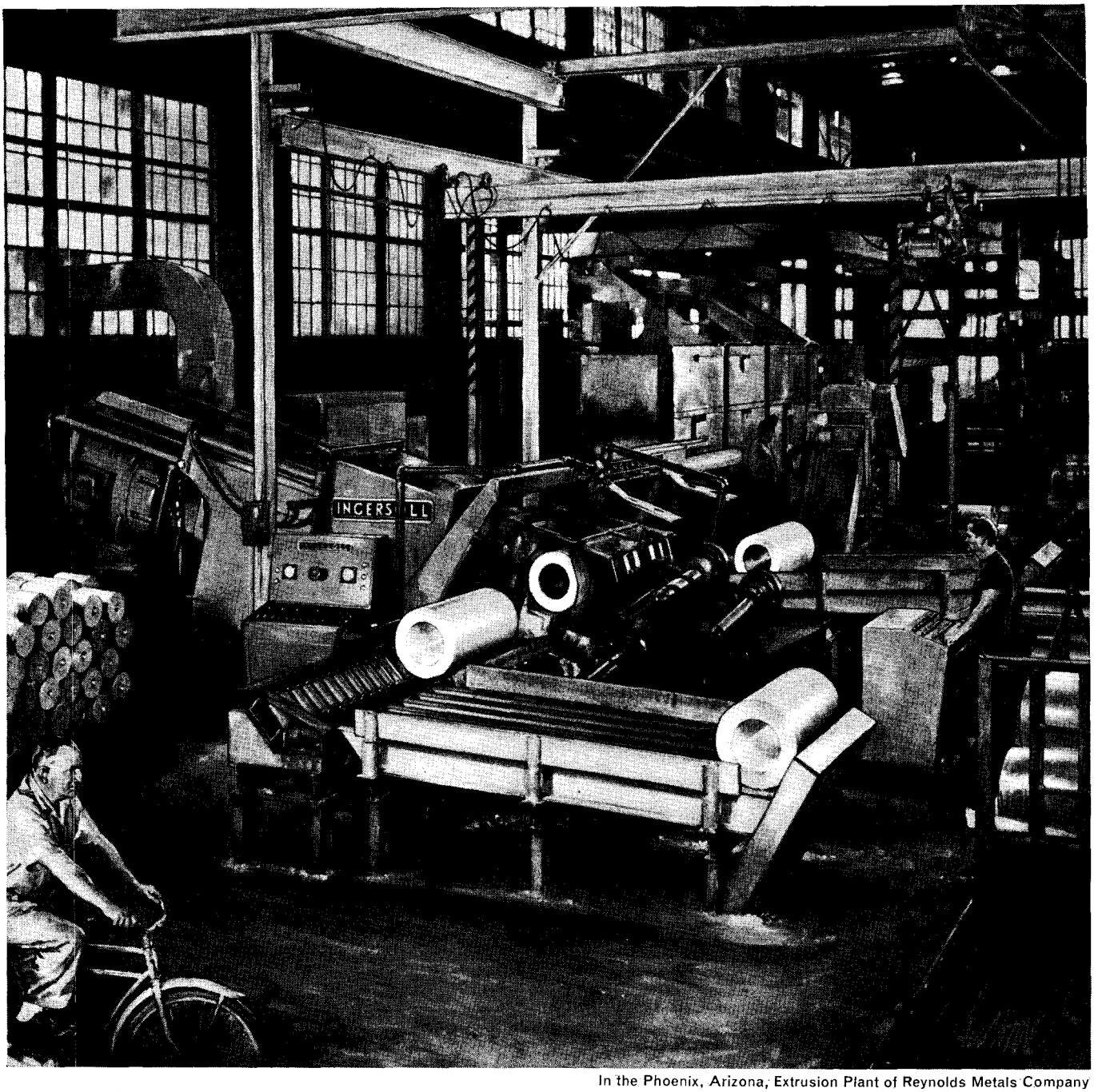

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SEPTEMBER 6, 1966 NATIONAL REVIEW
Vol. XVIII No. 30

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

☛ **Elspeth Huxley** casts an especially knowing eye upon Rhodesia and the meaning of it for the Home Island. She sharply fixes the price to both Britain and Rhodesia of their continued estrangement, and deplores the lack of a decent arbiter. She nominates the Duke of Edinburgh. Do we hear a seconding motion? . . . **Anthony Lejeune** cuts, neither more nor less mercifully than a surgeon, to the very bone of Britain's discontent, which turns out to be the standard poison of the twentieth century: an electoral mass that votes for suicide on the installment plan, and a class of politicians that calculates that the cost of these follies can be shunted indefinitely onto the shoulders of generations to come. . . . Prof. **Will Herberg** brings to a close his trilogy on the theologians of the "death of God" (the theothanatologists), delivering, as promised, his venture into judgment, and judging these gentry in their own terms, i.e. with infinite mercy. Their answers, he says, are very wrong. But they have asked questions which it is important for us to have asked. And the answers aren't all that easy. . . . Mr. **Farley Clinton** will remember this summer as the time he joined the staff of *NR*, and *NR* will remember that its first "photo feature" (foto pheature?) (pictorial essay?) (graphics section?) (rotogravyoore?)—well, our first extended flight from language was conducted under the navigation of Mr. Clinton. Here he displays an interview with Mr. J. Daniel Mahoney, the young attorney whose enormous political insight has been the chief asset of the party he leads, the Conservative Party of New York.

☛ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** adverts to the recent hearings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and asks what's so unreasonable about making a distinction between 1) talking about being in favor of the, say, enemy and 2) physically impeding the movement of U.S. troops. . . . **James Burnham** passes these same hearings under the microscope of a professional observer of the ways of public agitation. He concludes that the hearings were important, that it was important to undercut them, and that the undercutters succeeded . . . More on this and other New Left activism anon by *NR*'s **Phil McCombs**, who was a "friendly" witness at the HUAC hearings. . . . Prof. **Russell Kirk** is moved, by the appearance of *Operation Head Start* in his neck of the woods, to describe the failure of earlier schemes to educate the ineducable, and to proclaim the general law that you may confine a child to a classroom but you cannot *make* him learn (it would be fun to have Gibbon's rebuttal, connecting blood and Latin). . . . Ah, wine. It is a delectation to which Mr. **Alec Waugh** not long ago devoted a complete and delectable book, not to mention a lifetime. In the vineyards of Europe the grapes are soon to harvested, and Mr. Waugh tells us what that means.

☛ Mr. **Francis Russell,** whose heuristic investigation of the Sacco-Vanzetti case did much to unsettle a thirty-year myth, reviews two books on the assassination of President Kennedy. . . . Prof. **Guy Davenport** spares us the trouble of reading two novels, and introduces us to a new one by Kingsley Amis, the winner and still champion. . . . Mr. **Max Geltman** finds the world of the disc jockey colored red white & blue. ☛

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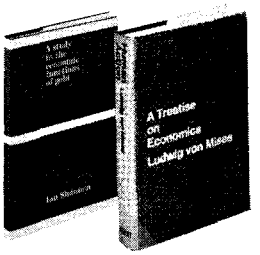

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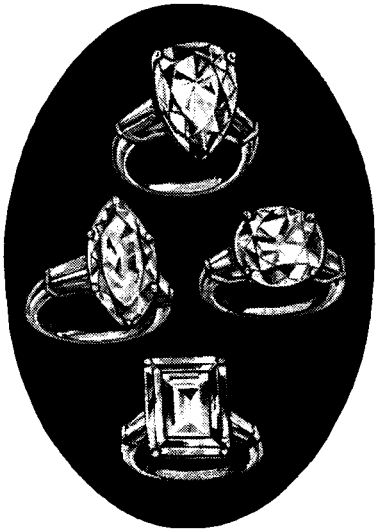

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LETTERS

Repard on Hcsob

I am a little sad that I was not included in *NR*'s rebuttal to Theodore Draper's nonsense about the Dominican Republic [Aug. 23]. In his articles for the *New Republic*, he took issue with my syndicated columns—charging me with being part of an "Intelligence" plot to misrepresent the pro-Communist role of Juan Bosch. The only specific criticism he was able to make against me was that I misspelled one name. Mr. Draper must be particularly touchy about this. Those of us who have been around for more than a few years recall his inability to spell his own name. When he wrote for the *New Masses* in the bad old days, Mr. Draper anagrammed his last name into Repard. He has unscrambled the spelling, but his thinking still remains a little backward.

Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Anti-Referendum

Regarding the notation [*NR*, Aug. 23] that as the controversy over petitions on the police review board moves into the courts, certain Liberal proponents find themselves in a decidedly undemocratic position, the same thing is happening in the fight to integrate schools. Floyd Wilson of the local CORE Education Committee admitted recently in a school board meeting that they did not have the support of the Negro population; that a referendum would fail. For those with resistance to learning he prescribed that we ". . . ram some education down their throats."

Rochester, N.Y. ALETHA CARLTON

Albania Votes

Laus tibi NR, for focusing such perceptive attention on Albania's truly remarkable voting performance in her recent elections—and pegging it for the arrant nonsense it is [Aug. 23].

Just imagine, a mere four people failed to vote! But the real wonder (or absurdity) does not cease here. Secundum Radio Tirane (Not "Tirana," please!), Albania had two million voters—out of a population of 1.9 million, of which only 70 per cent (about 1.3 million) are eligible to go to the polls. *Laus tibi Albaniae!*

Frackville, Pa. FR. JOHN SCHWEICH

J. B. Matthews

As one who was privileged to know J.B. Matthews, I would take issue with one or two of the statements you made in an otherwise splendid and moving eulogy [Aug. 9].

Dr. Matthews did *not* resign his post on the McCarthy Committee "at the request of his friend, Senator Joe McCarthy." On the contrary, the *New York Times*, on July 8, 1953, reported that "Senator Joseph R. McCarthy overrode a majority of his seven-man Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations today, and refused to remove J.B. Matthews as its executive director." It was Dr. Matthews' own decision to resign, in the belief that the furor over his magazine article would only strengthen the forces that were opposed to the McCarthy investigations.

With their usual highly selective fury, the Liberals concentrated their venom on Dr. Matthews' statement that "the largest single group supporting the Communist apparatus in the United States today is composed of Protestant clergymen." But they conveniently ignored the rest of the Matthews article, in which he went on to say "the vast majority of American Protestant clergymen are loyal to the free institutions of this country, as well as loyal to their solemn trust as Ministers of the Gospel." And even today, only a handful recall Dr. Daniel Poling's comment that Dr. Matthews' figures—on clergymen supporting the Communist apparatus—were too conservative!

Brooklyn, N.Y. LIONEL LOKOS

Rebirth of the Trib?

The demise of the *New York Herald Tribune* is certainly a journalistic tragedy. This writer takes it personally to heart because he wrote editorials for the *Herald Tribune* for fourteen years and was a contributor of special articles to the editorial page for nearly that much longer. As a member of its staff in other days this writer was proud of the *Herald Tribune*, and, as an outsider in latter years, has sadly deplored its changes of character. So now he could not do otherwise than lament the paper's downfall if he were convinced that this was really the end.

I feel strongly that this need not and should not be the case. One sees more reasons every day to feel that conservatism in this country is on the up and up. And by the same token I feel that there is a place in New York and its environs for a conservative Republican daily newspaper. My suggestion, therefore, is that some energetic persons in the city's business community round up a body of conservative men who would buy the *Herald Tribune* and give it a fresh start as a frankly conservative Republican publication, under no obligations to either "Liberal" vote-harvesters, or to GOP leadership.

Bernardsville, N.J. RODNEY GILBERT

After the Ball

Re "The Ball Is Bloody Well Over," Aug. 9:

After *NR* had blessed us
with that which is captioned above,
After I'd mulled it over
I knew that I'm in love!
I am compelled to ask you
now that you know how I feel,
Next time you're having a ball,
friends,
May I take that charmer,
von Dreele?

New York, N.Y M.J. HANNON

As to the errors in W. H. von Dreele's blast, "The Ball Is Bloody Well Over"—

1. Mrs. Wilson wrote the doggerel three years ago.
2. She did not write it for *Pravda*.
3. It was published in *Izvestia*, not *Pravda*.
4. The poem has eighteen lines.

Hartford, Conn. MARY KAREN OLOFSON

JBS: Another View

Regarding your article on the John Birch Society and its relation to religion, by Arlene Croce [Aug. 9].

I disagree strongly with the idea that the religious beliefs of Robert Welch enter into the controversy concerning the Society.

When I read the Blue Book the section stating his beliefs was one of the few things I came close to agreeing with,

(Continued on p. 866)

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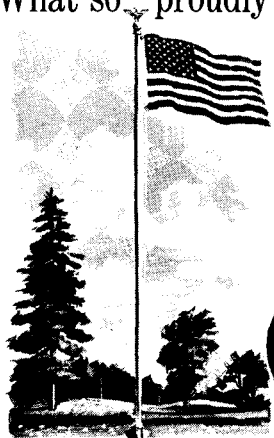

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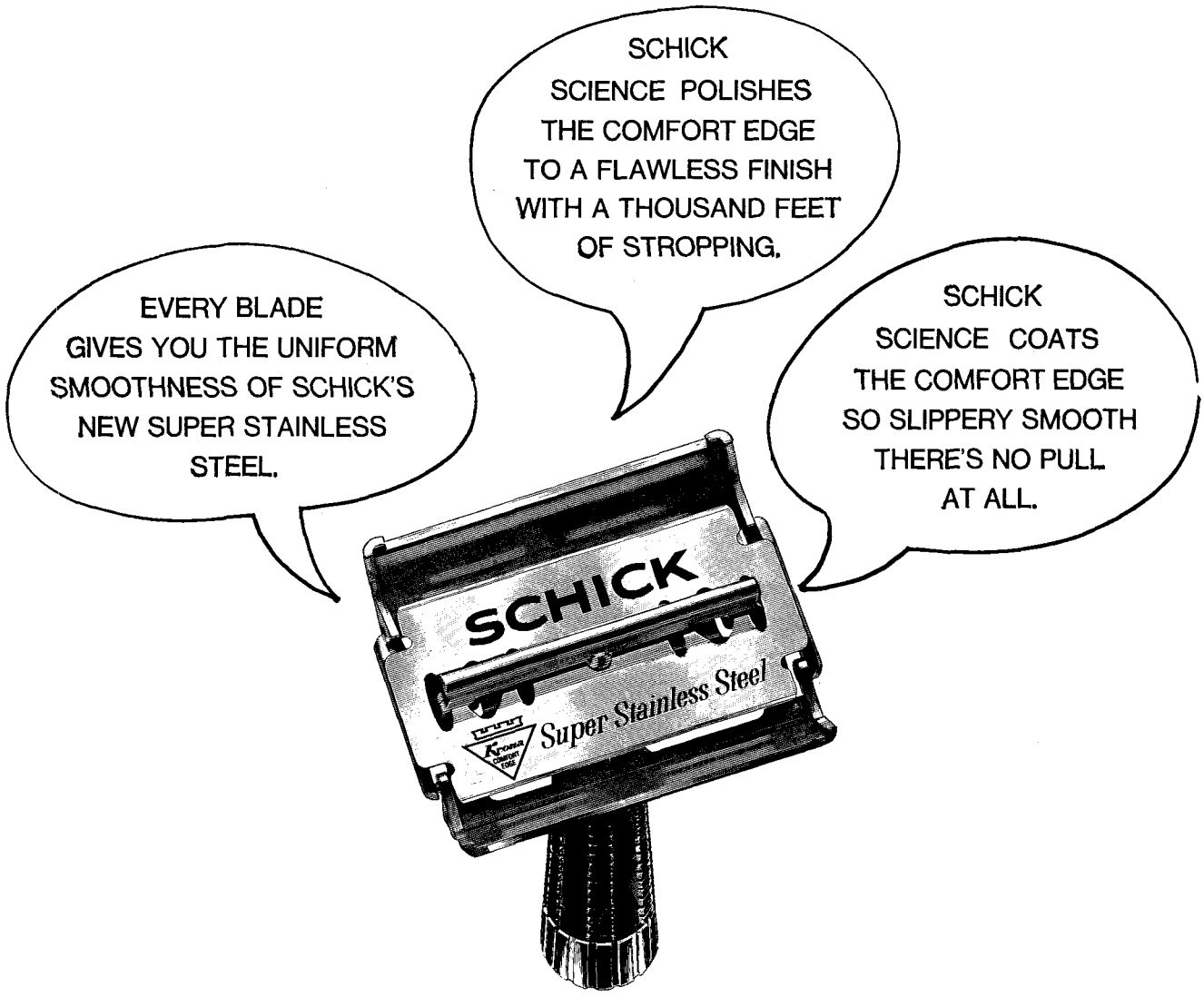

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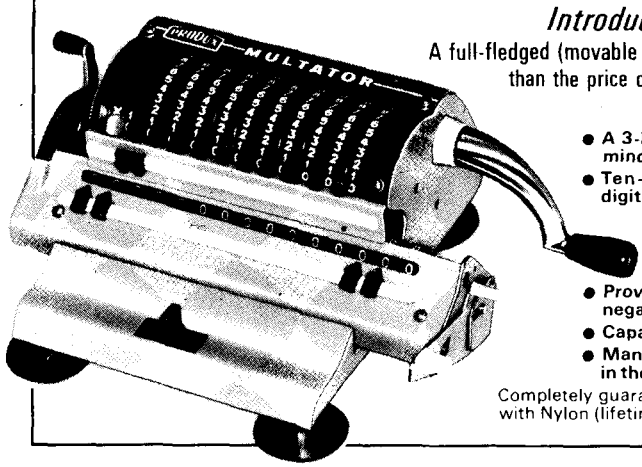

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LETTERS

(Continued from p. 864)

since my own religious beliefs—to some extent—coincide with his.

The two reasons I didn't join two years ago are: 1) Secret membership. I won't join anything that can't publicly and proudly say I am a member, and 2) Their stubbornness in following dead issues no matter how much harm they do to the conservative cause. For example, their insistence on circulating those silly "Impeach Earl Warren" petitions, in spite of the fact that the petitions were being used by the Liberals to blacken the name of the Society. In 1964 when we were working so hard to get Goldwater nominated, JBS members were frittering away their time on those petitions!

Richland, Wash. MRS. JACK P. PIERARD

Pollycassandra?

In his column of July 26th, James Burnham includes as examples of "Pollycassandra" "innumerable assertions, year after year, by conservative journalists and professors, that deficit spending, the growth of the national debt and welfarist extravagance have brought us to the immediate verge of national bankruptcy."

I wonder if Burnham would also include the study issued in May of this

(Continued on p. 899)

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The WEEK

● By several hundred punks who until now found nothing to do in Chicago, George Lincoln Rockwell has succeeded in increasing his noisy band, and the experts everywhere are shuddering in (delicious?) anticipation of *Kristallnacht,* the jackboot and the truncheon. A dynamite cache is uncovered in the Philadelphia headquarters of SNCC, an organization actively engaged in disturbing the peace, but federal officers arrest sad little Robert De Pugh, whose Minutemen await Doomsday from mountain eyries out West. Strangely, the arrest is made the same week HUAC conducts its pogrom against civil libertarians and a New Jersey Young Republican group is purged of rat finkery, and one week after Arthur Schlesinger Jr. warns in the *Saturday Evening Post* of an impending return to McCarthyism. And speaking of New Jersey, wasn't there a swastika-daubing incident there last week? And so on and on. You get the picture. So do a thousand, maybe more, suggestible souls around the country via press, radio and TV: some of whom immediately start taping themselves with crooked crosses, others of whom fall to their knees at the sight. Like a medieval plague the infection spreads, until what sociologists call self-fulfilling prophecy converts local adolescent rowdyism into the new mass madness. The racism of our Northern cities is bad enough, and worse when inflamed by tactics of "dramatization," but there is not—hello, Europe!—repeat, *not* a Nazi revival in this country.

● As an indicator of the direction the political breeze is blowing, Richard Nixon is not a bad weather vane, which is heartening since he is now pointing ever so discreetly toward the Right. Nixon reportedly thinks that domestic issues will dominate 1968, and writes in a recent issue of *U.S. News & World Report* that public concern is building over disrespect for law and race turmoil. He warns that violence is causing a "growing disenchantment with the cause of civil rights even among its staunchest supporters," blames a permissive ethos for coddling mob rule, and blames Robert Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey for coddling the ethos. "From mob rule it is but a single step to lynch law and the termination of the rights of the minority," he concludes. Sound like anyone you used to know back in 1964?

● Come-Uppance of the Week: For the better part of two days Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles was the punching bag of Senators Robert Kennedy and Abraham Ribicoff who lectured and hectored him on how big city problems like rioting in Watts should be handled. The hearings concluded roughly this way. *Mayor Yorty:* It's politicians running around making promises to people in the ghettoes they can't keep that have created an intolerable situation for the police. *Senator Kennedy* "acidly" (adverb supplied by the press): The real problem involved is making it clear to the poor that they have as much chance as anyone. *Mayor Yorty:* Certainly, Mr. Senator, they don't have the chance you had, but I hope they have the chance I had.

Adverb, anyone?

● The clink at the tellers' windows of the Bank of England sounds more and more like a death rattle. Britain's reserves have fallen $76 million in May, $137 million in June. Prime Minister Wilson told a few lies in July, ordered a wage freeze, a few tax hikes, and other incredible austerities unprecedented in peacetime, took a flying and tight-lipped trip to Washington, announced that all would be well—and in July the British reserves dropped $70 million. That was as reported. It may have been much more than that. The Bank pretties its figures, and no one trusts Harold Wilson. August is seasonally the worst month for the pound. Everyone has his fingers crossed.

● The fear of inflation rests largely on the fear of the governmental controls engendered by inflation. Last month Brazil clamped a one-year moratorium on all wage increases. Britain is getting set to write a modern Edict of Diocletian. In the wake of sharp rises in food prices at the end of July the Senate Agriculture Committee started thinking of investigating; Mayor Lindsay of New York named a commission and brandished the weapons of the FTC and the Anti-Trust Division. Seldom mentioned: the rise in prices may also reflect a decline in the value of money, so why not investigate the money managers?

● The American Bar Association's resourceful Standing Committee on Education Against Communism has prepared another of its excellent studies, this one by Richard V. Allen of Georgetown's Center for Strategic Studies. *Peace or Peaceful Coexistence?* researches over 3,000 documents, almost all of which are dated later than October 1962, and shows how "peaceful coexistence" defines the new strategic offensive of Brezhnev and Kosygin no less than Khrushchev, Stalin, or Mao Tse-tung. Foreword by Bertram D. Wolfe. Copies are available from ABA

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headquarters, 1155 East 60th Street, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

● Mario Savio, the professional student who led the Great Unwashed in a Free Speech Rebellion at Berkeley last year, has been denied readmittance to his old Alma Mater on the grounds that he filed application too late. Savio had devoted the past few months to informing various left-wing audiences around Britain of the sad plight of the lumpen-bourgeoisie in America, and how tough it was for an upper-middle-class Goy to make it in the New Left. In the end, it was his devotion to the cause that kept him from catching the boat on time, and hence from getting his application in fast enough to remain the head gargoyle at the Harvard of the West.

● In "I Think I Ought to Mention I Was Blacklisted," to which the Sunday *New York Times* recently devoted practically its entire TV section, Emmy Award writer Millard Lampell describes the years during which dread charges of nameless accusers pursued him, harassed him, robbed him of friends, of jobs, of mazoola forced him to lead the "twilight life" of the anonymous hack, turning out brilliant scripts under somebody else's name. . . . So bad was it that "years later," he writes, "my memories of those days were to serve me well when I sat down to write a play based on John Hersey's *The Wall,* and had to create the atmosphere of the early days of the Warsaw Ghetto." *So* bad that, indeed, all during the Fifties, the years of terror, Lampell scarcely dared open his trap, except to speak or write, repeatedly, in his capacity as a member of the board of directors, for the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions (cited as a Communist front by HUAC 1949, 1950, 1954; by SISS 1956); or to speak ("The Political Climate in America and Its Effect on the Arts") for the American Veterans for Peace (HUAC 1951); or to send his greetings, with Herbert Aptheker's, Howard Fast's, Michael Gold's, V. J. Jerome's, and Dalton Trumbo's, to the Continental Congress for Culture in Santiago (1954); and of course, to take the Fifth before HUAC, two witnesses having identified him there under oath as "Mike Landon," Communist (1953). None of this, of course, enters the record as Lampell inscribes it for the *Times*. We thought we ought to mention it.

Lin Piao on Deck

The debate on Vietnam goes widely on, not only in the United States but in every nation where debate is permitted. Everyone knows that, though Harold Wilson's government has supported the United States diplomatically, British opinion stretches all the way from the demand for trying President Johnson as a war criminal to the call for British troops to fight alongside ours. The intellectual level of the Vietnam discussion in Britain—perhaps because she is not herself actively engaged—has been on the whole above that in this country, as was doubly illustrated a few days ago in two of Britain's most influential magazines: the *Spectator* and the *Economist.*

Enoch Powell, MP and former Minister of Health, on domestic and economic matters one of the few conservatives in the Conservative Party, is known for his astringent defense, in office and out, of free enterprise. But his *Spectator* article—in the form of a review of a booklet, by the Earl of Avon who as Anthony Eden was Prime Minister at the time of the 1954 Geneva Conference—indicates that Mr. Powell, not unlike some on our own Right, is less than sure about the wisdom of defending Vietnam. He denies the common assumption, by most critics as well as all supporters of U.S. policy, that "the U.S. cannot be beaten." It cannot be beaten in the sense, say, that Germany was beaten in 1945, but—(he argues) precisely because "lesser interests than the supreme national interests are at stake. . . . there can come a point where even the importance with which the Americans themselves . . . have endowed South Vietnam is exceeded by the cost. . . . If I had to guess how peace may one day come in Indochina, I would imagine the process to commence not when a Geneva conference assembled again [as Lord Avon proposes], but when the U.S. began to withdraw her forces and, like the snark, 'softly' (if not suddenly) began to 'vanish away.'" (In passing Mr. Powell recalls an almost forgotten incident: that in 1954 then Senator Lyndon Johnson was one of the sharpest critics of the Geneva agreement, of which he remarked: "American foreign policy has never

Lovely Lob Nor

In northern China by a lake,
The Chinese diligently make
A weapons system seemingly
Designed to K-O you and me.
As you recall, a recent BOOM!
Caused McNamara to assume
They're making missiles at a rate
To bomb Bangkok in '68.
(He also said there's evidence
We'll be the target, ten years hence.)
Lob Nor's a lovely spot, I'm sure;
It has a *gorgeous* temper'ture,
But I'm for vaporizing them
Before they sing our requiem.

W. H. VON DREELE

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in all history suffered such a stunning reversal.")

The article in the *Economist*—the lead of its issue of August 20—is built on an altogether different foundation, and presents, indeed, a more profound rationale for what the President is doing than any Mr. Johnson or his associates have made on their own behalf. Under the title, "This is the Third World War"—which will surprise the *Economist*'s readers more than *NR*'s—the article analyzes the significance of Mao's selection, as displayed at the vast rally in Peking's Square of Heavenly Peace, of Lin Piao as his heir presumptive. Marshal Lin Piao is chief of the army (and both Mao and Lin wore uniforms for their appearance at the rally). He is the author of the basic doctrinal study published last year, "On People's War," which explains the strategy for world conquest by revolutionary liberation of the "world countryside" (Asia, Africa, Latin America) in order to encircle and destroy the "world cities" (Europe and North America). Mao's anointing of Lin proves "he is not backing down one inch from his hopes of ideological expansion."

This is "the background against which the debate on American policy in the Far East must be measured." So measured, the arguments of the opponents of the President's policy—Walter Lippmann's and Senator Fulbright's views are singled out—dissolve. "The Americans, and the Americans alone, are in a position to do something." The critical arguments are above all exposed by their failure to suggest any acceptable alternative. "How can you defend the non-Communist parts of Asia [as Lippmann, for example, agrees must be done, most essentially in the case of India] unless you are ready to fight a war in Asia?"

"China has nominated Vietnam as a test case for what it claims to be a new kind of war. . . . Those who believe that this technique of 'people's war' should be opposed, because its aim is to set up an unacceptable form of society, have little choice but to fight it in its own terms. . . . It is not the 'right war in the right place.' Defensive wars seldom are. . . . But if it comes out all right in Vietnam, it will with luck not have to be fought all over again. . . . Dissident minorities in other places may think twice before they believe Lin Piao's tip that they are on to a winner. But if the technique of 'people's war' does succeed. . . .

"Those who do not like the war in Vietnam, but equally do not want to see Mao Tse-tung's beliefs sweeping across Asia in a wave of guerrilla war, have a duty to ask themselves where else they think the war can be stopped? Thailand? But the non-Communist Thais are not going to get help from a defeated American Army, and in any case it is logistically much harder to get help into Thailand than into Vietnam. Burma? Not in the cards. India, then? But the mind swerves away from the difficulty of doing anything to help that fragile country if the guerrillas once got to work in West Bengal or Kerala or wherever.

"The fighting in Vietnam, it is said, could grow into the Third World War. In a sense it already is the Third World War. . . . How else can [those who criticize Mr. Johnson's decision to take America into the war] suggest holding the line, if not by fighting in Vietnam?"

Three Strikes and You're In

Any labor union chieftain who isn't laying plans right now to call a strike within twelve months simply isn't doing his job. There was never a better moment to strike. The New York City transportation strike earlier this year showed that a strike in violation of an established law netted 1) a multiplied paycheck and 2) the repeal of the law. The newspaper strike in that city showed that strikers 1) can always get a job somewhere else in these super-excited times, and therefore 2) couldn't care less if the company they strike against goes out of business. The strike of the airline mechanics showed with clinical finality that the President is unprepared to say nay to anything a labor leader can get away with.

Will an appeal be made to the conscience of the union members, reminding them that their labor is a major component of the cost of production, and that a lower cost of production would be of immense help to the U.S. in her balance-of-payments trouble? More to the point: if such an appeal is made, will it be heeded? The example of merrie England, a disaster lying off the coast of Norway, gives one not to hope

"I didn't say that I said that I didn't say it. I said that I didn't say that I said it. I want to make that very clear."

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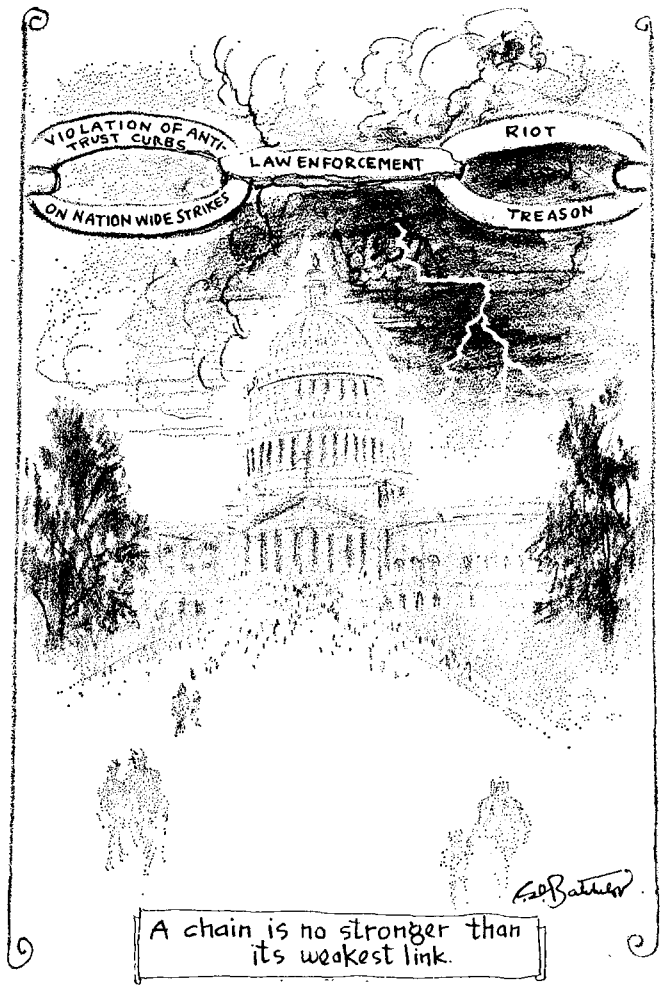
overmuch. The Prime Minister having invoked the memory of Churchill and other aspects of British greatness (i.e., that half of C. not American), the Labor Lords turned up their noses. What? Sacrifice our interest merely to save the pound, or serve Britain? What's Britain? So it will be tuppence more per week, or whatever it takes to placate the revolutionaries this year—and England be damned, thank you.

At last count there were seventeen (or 57 or 1,017) labor contracts that are due to run out in 1967, and the general belief is that a serious strike is in the offing unless each contract is renewed at a substantial markup. There is even some talk of a strike by federal employees, who have noticed with envy and glee that local government employees have successfully flouted laws prohibiting strikes by local government employees. There is talk of a taxpayer strike. The Army and Navy, we hear, are planning a mutiny. All the doctors and nurses are considering going on relief. School teachers have decided they'd rather switch. Even Bobby Kennedy is looking lackadaisical. The sun and the moon, runneth the rumor, have grown weary of their selfless hoverings.

Theological seminaries (at least those that are still operating on yellow-dog contracts) will adjust the doctrine to the times. God, it will turn out, is not dead. He is on strike. Would Saint Reuther really choose Hell rather than cross a picket line? Assuming, of course, that the wages of sin are negotiable?



At Last: A Conservative Catholic Magazine

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW welcome jubilantly the founding of a journal of conservative Catholic opinion, even as we would welcome the appearance of any responsible conservative publication by members of any humane religious sect. Such a magazine for Catholics is desperately needed because the most prominent Catholic journals (e.g., *America*, *Commonweal*) are tediously uniform in their attachment to the idols of Liberalism in politics and, respecting their own religion, obsessed with their interpretation of the Spirit of Vatican II as a renunciation of Catholic practice, tradition, and authority—for what amounts to the desacralization of Christendom. It is into this breach that Messrs. Brent Bozell (LL.D.), Frederick Wilhelmsen (Ph.D.), Thomas Molnar (Ph.D.) and John Wisner (M.A.) have moved. The first issue, at the plant last Friday in Philadelphia, was all but destroyed by a stroke of lightning, a manifestation of heavenly displeasure, the editors of *America* might be tempted to observe, provided they could bring themselves to believe that there is anything on earth the Lord is nowadays displeased with, except maybe segregated schools. But, if anyone wants to play *that* game, in three days the issue rose again and is now available.

The new monthly faced another difficulty in parturition, the ungenerous denial to it of the title it had chosen—by the bureaucrats of the National Jaycees, who took the position that the word "future" belongs exclusively to them because they have an obscure little publication with a longish title, one of whose words is future. Rather than go to the expense of litigating, the new journal has taken the title of *Triumph*. It will be published monthly, subscription $7.50, at 1010 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005, where its offices are located "under the patronage of St. Athanasius": a datum which, one hopes, will sufficiently intimidate the Post Office at 20005.

The editors are eloquent and learned men, known to all readers of NATIONAL REVIEW; and deeply resist the most publicized trends within the Catholic Church and in modern society. On any number of matters they reason differently from some of the Catholics who write for, or have a hand in editing,

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Ray Bliss undoubtedly groaned upon hearing the news, but to conservatives it was welcome and long overdue: Barry Goldwater is resuming active leadership of the conservative movement. That is the larger significance of the announcement that on August 11 Goldwater had met with representatives of four leading conservative organizations, and that "continuing efforts will be made to provide over-all direction and purpose to the American Conservative Movement." Meeting with Goldwater at his Washington apartment were Thomas A. Lane and Charles McManus (Americans for Constitutional Action), Rep. John Ashbrook (American Conservative Union), Lynn Mote (Free Society Association), and David Jones (Young Americans for Freedom).

◆ Another meeting took place several weeks later, on August 23, in Washington's Shoreham Hotel—between Richard Nixon and a number of conservative and anti-Communist leaders. It was Nixon's first meeting with most of the conservatives present. He briefed them on his observations of U.S. foreign policy in Southeast Asia, and then discussed the political issues of this year's congressional campaign. The meeting was called by Tom Huston, National Chairman of YAF, and Patrick J. Buchanan, research assistant to Nixon. The two said they thought it was important to have a "frank exchange" on the issues between the conservatives and the front-runner in the nomination race, though 1968 itself was discussed only briefly.

◆ There are smirks in the Capitol as certain conservative leaders try to defend the $750-million Grand-Canyon-Dams-in-the-Lower-Colorado-River-Basin project—using basically the same arguments that Liberals have used countless times before to justify federal boondoggles in other areas of the country. Perhaps the moral is that we shouldn't expect any politician to refuse pork for his own state—not if he has any instinct for survival—and that this demonstrates lucidly the moral perniciousness of the welfare state. There may be sufficient opposition in the Senate, at least for this Congress, to kill the two Grand Canyon dams. Hydro power is fast becoming a thing of the past, a relic of the "big-dam" mentality of the New Deal days. Various other forms of power are now available at less cost, and the power to be produced by the TVA's new nuclear generator, for example, will cost the consumer about half what the power from the proposed Grand Canyon dams would cost. Thirty years ago, water power plants provided 40 per cent of the nation's electrical energy; today the percentage is half of that, and is continuing downward. Hydro power should be the anachronism, not the Grand Canyon.

◆ However they divide on the merits of the dams, though, neither side is prepared to defend the blatantly totalitarian tactics of Sheldon Cohen's Internal Revenue Service. Earlier this year the IRS was busy trying to crack down on the National Right to Work Committee. Now it is after the Sierra Club, chief opponent of the Grand Canyon dams. Like most conservation groups the Sierra Club is tax exempt, but no sooner had it taken out two full-page ads opposing the dams than IRS warned its exemption was under review and might be revoked. The IRS code merely stipulates that "no substantial part" of a tax-exempt organization's activities or funds may be used in trying to influence legislation, and it is hard to see how the $10,000 spent on the two ads—less than one per cent of the club's $1.6 million budget—can be considered "substantial." Especially when the Central Arizona Project Association spent $74,065.02 in 1965 solely to lobby for the dams and has yet to hear from the IRS.

◆ That taxpayer's watchdog, Rep. Otto E. Passman (D., La.), has added together fifteen budget items presented to Congress, all forms of foreign aid but only one labeled as such. The arithmetic comes to $9.1 billion in new foreign aid funds—*not* including the military assistance program for South Vietnam, which now is included in the defense budget, or the $930 million in supplemental requests approved by Congress earlier this year. If we add the funds from prior years which are still available for spending, we get the staggering sum of $26 billion.

◆ Key Washington reporter David Broder has quit the *New York Times* to join the *Washington Post*. He replaces the *Post's* Julius Duscha, who has taken a teaching position in journalism. The students are the losers. Duscha's vehement anti-conservative block makes it impossible for him to write an objective story. Broder is no conservative but when he was on the *Washington Star*, at least, he reported fairly accurately the conservative position. He accepted a lower salary at the *Post*, he told intimate friends, because of a stifling lack of freedom at the *Times*.

—CATO

NATIONAL REVIEW. But their spirit is in refreshing contrast to some of the fanatical and devitalizing ecumenism of recent years, to say nothing of the editors' distrust of total secularization, which can only have the effect of lifting the central state—as the great historian Christopher Dawson points out in the first issue—to a kind of existential eminence which necessarily absorbs and profanes the distinctively religious energies of man. Concerning ecumenism, the editors reveal their own approach:

> . . . We [are] resolved to listen to the New Breed—for instance to the demand by ecumenical enthusiasts, that we acknowledge the uncharitableness of "old" attitudes towards non-Catholics. We looked back into our wretched past and, sure enough, there we were, no better or worse than the generality of Catholics.

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So we have decided to amend our lives. We are going to enlist in an ecumenical movement that will make sense, because it will make love. It will be a movement that vigorously seeks to give Protestants and Jews and non-believers *all* that we think we have. It will not assume that non-Catholics are complimented by being offered a diluted version of the religion, by being told that, unlike the noble Catholics, they are not courageous or deserving enough to merit the full gift. It will try to share the insight that Martin Luther was disastrously wrong in a critical matter of faith because it is far too valuable an insight to hold selfishly to ourselves. It will try to explain to those Jews who do not expect a life after death that this misunderstanding cripples their ability to deal with the central problems of the human experience. Such a movement will engender a civilized, lively and profitable conversation with serious Protestants and Jews because it will take them seriously; and because it will expect to receive the full measure of that courtesy in return.

Here is the language and the spirit of what they used to call the Church Militant, a language and spirit as appropriate to Catholics as to Protestants and Jews, and the stuff of which true dialogues are made. The Catholics who for years have bemoaned the absence of a serious journal of dissent from the Liberal vapidities of so much of the Catholic press have a rare opportunity, open also to non-Catholics who are interested in the reasoning of brilliant Catholic laymen who question the trend to secularization, the apotheosis of the modern state, and the philosophical assumption that what Christianity needs is a return to the spirit of Geneva.

Fulton Lewis Jr., R I P

Fulton Lewis had the capacity of driving people up a tree with frustration, indignation, outrage, and all those other qualities of despair that characterize the listener or the reader or the viewer at the receiving end of a tough polemicist. Lewis was the kind of person who could succeed in causing people to smash their radios and curse in their sleep. Fulton Lewis was a very good thing.

He wrote and spoke during a period when a little anti-Utopianism and anti-Caesarism were greatly needed, and his golden stutter, as some of his critics grew affectionately to call it, was absolutely unsilenceable, and Lewis' aim unerring. He had the keenest eye in the business for the Liberal divinities. FDR, the Supreme Court, the bureaucratic agencies, Radio Free Europe—all of them got saturation bombings. And then he would defend what were, by Liberal convention, simply indefensible people and positions—Lindbergh and America First, Joe McCarthy, Republican militants, the conservative coalition in Congress.

His style was mostly chatty, a little stentorian every now and again when he would pull out the diapason of his own reciprocal despair over the utter fatuity of the nation's leaders, as on the occasion of President Truman's firing of General MacArthur, which drove Fulton Lewis, and as a matter of fact the public, quite round the bend. When he stuck by Joe McCarthy right to the end, many of his critics, who had among other things deplored McCarthy's occasional attempts to visit economic sanctions on his own critics, found themselves calling radio stations and sponsors of the Lewis program imprecating all kinds of dire and dreadful things unless Lewis was removed from the air waves. They almost got him, reducing his outlets by one half, to the point where, in his fifties, he fired his agent, and went out on the road himself, to sell his own program; broadcasting every night, from wherever he was, with his habitual "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Fulton Lewis Jr." During that period, he once told a friend, his son was making more money during his summer vacation from college playing the piano at a honky-tonk in New York City, than the old man, broadcasting five night a week, 52 weeks a year.

He never grew bitter, and seemed always to dismiss the human behavior he so greatly disapproved of as primarily—human. He lived with a devoted family, in a lovely house overlooking Washington. Its cellar was converted into a one-man factory where he worked hours every day constructing church organs, on one of which, at St. David's Episcopal Church, the solemn church music he worshipped was played last Tuesday over his bier.

He once told a writer that that organ, every piece of which he had fashioned with his own hands, would have brought $50,000 on the open market. He was prouder of it than of anything he had ever done, though he was mostly sustained by the rapport with his millions of listeners for whom 7 P.M., local time, was the hallowed period during which a calm amiable commentator, speaking from across the River Styx in Washington, D.C., would report on the venalities of the political underworld.

Fulton Lewis was a talented reporter, researcher, and analyst who as a relatively young man was named managing editor of the old Hearst newspaper in Washington, which he quit to start his radio commentary. During that period he came to know well the members of the working press in Washington, all of whom respected his craft, and were drawn by his personal charm. During that period he became friends with another enterprising young journalist, Drew Pearson, whom he designated as godfather to his son Fulton Lewis III; and even in the end, when they had become bitter political antagonists, Pearson would arrive on Christmas Day, rather stiffly, with a present for his godson, a little disembodied talk about the weather, a cup of tea, and a formal good day, until the next Christmas. Lewis was hugely amused by the irony of it all—his personal irony,

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the public irony consisting, in his judgment, in the mania of modern America to bite the traditions that fed her.

Every controversialist develops his own style, which is grating to some, endearing to others. Fulton Lewis' critics were adamant and harsh. But perhaps for a few days they will let up, and try to understand the loneliness so many Americans will feel at nightfall, in the knowledge that their man in Washington, whom they knew to be a good man, a traditionalist, a man of courage and conviction, their companion over so many years of confusion and frustration, is silent, gone forever, like the America of his youth and dreams.

Lenny Bruce, R.I.P.

Haven't stopped thinking about Lenny Bruce since he died. We thought of him especially the other day when we happened to come across a book about Dostoevsky. "Prince Lef Nicolaievitch Myshkin," we read, apropos of the novel called *The Idiot,* "a noble man whose behavior at first is only strange and unconventional, later shows a deterioration of mind. . . . In his weakened, susceptible condition, he degenerates until he is unable to cope with life, decisions, hatred, worldliness. Able to see human foibles without malice, to reverence the human condition without judgment, to love without the thought of attainment, he is a Christus figure set in a corrupt society where the facile, dishonest, wordly and unconscionable prevail in absolute terms of money and position." Precisely what his admirers—and they were many, and fervent—saw in Bruce.

His more profound admirers, that is. There were those, no doubt, who took him at face value and admired him as a mere pornographer. And certainly his influence tended to corrupt and debase—to pollute the very human qualities which Bruce so deeply and strongly felt were sacred. Obscenity cannot have any other effect; and yet it is plain that Lenny, like Whitman and D. H. Lawrence, was basically moved by a strange but sincere vision of the sacredness of life, and like them he used obscenity to express it.

He also had, more than most commentators on the contemporary world, the tragic sense of life, and for many people his relentless honesty about the world as they see it is the closest thing to heroism they have encountered.

I first saw him on a night club stage in a very bad theater town in the Middle West. He was talking; not being funny—he was almost never funny, even when he tried, and he seldom tried—just talking. He was not even saying outrageous things, as he usually did to give the impression that he was funny. He was essentially preaching an ad lib sermon for kindness to children, and he did not really pretend to be doing anything else. It was a macabre, disturbing, yet very impressive thing to see; not Dostoevsky, but purest Kafka. His own despair of his own life, of his own future, his indifference to everything but his plea for more humanity as he saw it, was so plain. "One morning Gregor Samsa awoke and found himself transformed into a giant nightclub comedian." The absurd metamorphosis of doomed young man into cockroach had taken place somewhere, sometime, and before our eyes this doomed young man was unfolding a slow, powerful, hideous revelation of agony and madness, was talking compulsively with deadly seriousness about his wonder and dismay at things in general, on a stage, before a hushed silence in a room filled with red velvet chairs. Afterward I met him, he was very bright and eager, pitifully half-educated and unaware, he wrote in pencil on a small envelope, "Clark Gable found alive in Argentina, Love, Lenny Bruce." That was the spring of 1962, and he was thirty-six years old. On August 3 this year, in a bathroom in Hollywood, he took a lot of heroin and died there, on the floor. F.C.

Notes and Asides

Let's see now. 1) Our brothers at *Human Events* reported that Clif White, who managed the nomination campaign for Barry Goldwater in 1964, is working undercover for George Romney in 1968. 2) *NR* wrote and said the report was false. 3) *Human Events* writes that *NR* did not have the "courtesy" to inquire into *HE*'s sources, and proceeded to divulge what those sources were. Which leaves *NR* 4) confronted with no alternative than to reveal that concerning Mr White's political commitments *NR* is an Absolute Authority, and feels no need to check reports it knows to be incorrect, even if 5) they appear in the pages of our estimable co-adjutor, *Human Events,* to whose editors we take the opportunity to send greetings, and an open invitation to check any further reports concerning Clif White with *NR.*

Bulletin from (Right-hating) Group Research (Vol 5, No. 15): *Triumph* Magazine (see above), is "the ambitious project . . . of William A. Rusher, an in-law of the NATIONAL REVIEW Buckleys and right-wing publicist in his own right." A reader who sent along the hot intelligence comments: "They forget. The Right will always rally to support Rusher's nine children." Perhaps Group Research ought to try Individual Research? (WAR is unrelated to WFB or to *Triumph.*)

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On the Right

Needed: Another Investigation

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The American Civil Liberties Union, of which the New York chapter has in recent months emerged as the demolition wing, ought to take time out from its extravagant denunciations of the House Committee on Un-American Activities to investigate its own position, and the consequences thereof.

Buckley

There was, to begin with a fortnight ago, the extraordinary ruling which Federal Judge Howard Corcoran, handed down at the instigation of the ACLU, enjoining the House Committee from holding hearings relevant to the question whether to endorse an amendment to the Internal Security Act of 1950. That ruling is sure to be struck down as a bit of judicial eccentricity, of interest only to inanity-collectors.

It is proposed by Congressman Pool that the law be amended to make it unlawful for any American to assist by material means any group engaged in armed hostilities against soldiers of the United States and, further, to make it unlawful to attempt physically to impede the movement of military men or military goods to a front in which American soldiers are fighting. Those who cannot distinguish between a) opposing our action in Vietnam by word, which right is protected under the First Amendment to the Constitution at least for so long as our war in Vietnam is not officially declared to be that by the Congress, and b) attempting physically to obstruct the prosecution of that action by lying down in front of railroad trains carrying troops and ammunition to the front, or by collecting money to send to the Vietcong, are eligible for high office in the New York Civil Liberties Union—which last week, in the name of free speech, attempted to undermine the processes of government.

The situation at the crowded chamber room in which the Committee held its hearings was nightmarish, a collection of kooks and kooks' lawyers doing their level best, which turned out to be very good indeed, to prevent a duly constituted committee of Congress from hearing testimony of qualified witnesses about the activities of pro-Vietcong elements in this country.

The episode that got the headlines took place when a bright young graduate of Yale University, an associate of NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine, took the stand to testify to what he had heard said and preached at the Free University of New York, which is a paramilitary intellectual ganglion of disaffected pro-Communist intellectuals who dearly believe that justice requires the triumph of the Communists in Southeast Asia. Mr. McCombs had no sooner opened his mouth to give the name of a gentleman who figured in the activities of the Free University, than a lawyer from the Civil Liberties Union started arguing with the chairman.

Just Five Feet Two

It is not widely reported that the wrangling went on for several minutes, in the course of which the chairman, having repeatedly overruled the lawyer's objections, ordered him to sit down. The lawyer refused to do so even after having been approached by federal marshals who began by touching him lightly on the shoulder and urging him to obey the chairman's instructions. Finally, the marshals lifted him bodily from the chamber room, and all hell broke loose, with a half dozen lawyers ranting and screaming about the distinguished credentials of the late departed lawyer, and one of them even managing to get into the record that he was only five feet two inches tall, a matter of dubious relevance, though no doubt the ACLU will get around to discovering the constitutional right of anyone five feet two inches tall to defy any congressional committee.

The chairman of the Committee tried in vain to remind the gentlemen anarchists of the bar that the rules of the Committee specify (Rule VII, B) that a lawyer's "participation . . . during the course of any hearing and while the witness is testifying shall be limited to advising said witness as to his legal rights," and that (Rule VII) "a lawyer's failure to 'conduct' himself in a 'proper manner' can result in disciplinary action which may include warning, censure, removal from the hearing room . . . or a recommendation of contempt proceedings." The ejected lawyer, who incidentally presumes to teach law at Rutgers University, had no rights at all to engage the Committee in a legal colloquy, inasmuch as a) he was not giving advice to his client; and b) his client was not even on the witness stand. Those who believe that the Committee's rules are in some way unconstitutional should take their quarrel to the Supreme Court, which has never discovered constitutional grounds to strike them down, in the dozen years of the rules' existence.

The response to the episode by the New York Civil Liberties Union could have been formulated by the Communist *Worker*—one is tempted to say could only have been formulated by the *Worker,* except that experience teaches that it is not necessarily Communists who can abuse reason and rhetoric. The ejection of the lawyer, said the Civil Liberties Union, made "a mockery of any claim that the United States might make as a defender of democracy in South Vietnam." And, the Civil Liberties Union continued, "The Committee seems intent on trampling every right guaranteed by the Constitution,"—the planted axiom of which statement is that legislators engaged in attempting to protect American soldiers sent out to Vietnam by the commander-in-chief to die if necessary for their country, are engaged in trampling on every right in the Constitution. Friends of civil liberties who do not believe that civil liberties exclude orderly government, should investigate the wildman or wildmen with whom the New York Civil Liberties Union has recently become associated.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

In the Camp of the Enemy

At a duly scheduled session of a standing committee of the sovereign legislature of the world's greatest nation, visitors shout insults at the presiding officer, the legislators in general, the nation and its soldiers. When they continue after being asked and then ordered to desist, some of them are forcibly removed. Witnesses, present upon due notice and subpena, scream, curse the committee members, denounce the nation, boast that they support its enemies. Taking the stand—some in outlandish dress—they pay no attention to the rulings of the chairman, but declaim revolutionary tirades and shout further insults until, in some cases, they too are removed. Others, declaring their defiance of the committee and its subpenas, walk out in open contempt. One attorney, who refuses to accept the repeated order of the presiding officer to stop talking and sit down, is forcibly ejected. . . .

Burnham

The conclusion? "This is the sort of tactic Hitler's bully boys might have engaged in" *(St. Louis Post-Dispatch)*. Whose tactic? Why, the committee's, naturally. The solution? "The solution to the excesses of"—of the revolutionaries and unbuttoned fanatics and their indecorous attorneys?—of "the Un-American Activities Committee must come from Congress where the problem has its origin" *(New York Times)*; "the way to stop inquisitions by the un-American [*sic* the lower case] committee is for Congress to abolish it" *(San Francisco Chronicle)*.

You have to read it to believe it.

Whatever may have been the case in some past HUAC investigations, this one had nothing to do with "free speech." The young revolutionaries who were the object of HUAC's interest do not even pretend that they are merely "expressing a point of view." They are advocating action, and they are acting. They are not, like Senator Morse or Prof. Morgenthau, advocating, as is presumptively the right of a citizen, that their country should end the fighting in Vietnam by negotiation or withdrawal. They advocate *the defeat* of the U.S. and its forces in the field; and they carry out actions, including the collection and transmittal of funds and supplies, in behalf of the opposing forces who are daily killing U.S. soldiers.

Though communists, they are not members of the official Communist Party. They are "romantic revolutionaries," super-Leninists who take literally the declaration of the *Communist Manifesto* that "Communists scorn to hide their aims." They do not evade summons or plead the Fifth. They, or their instructors, are students of the first four—the Leninist—Congresses of the Comintern, and learn therefrom that in appearing before a congressional body they are soldiers of the Revolution on duty in the camp of the enemy.

But aren't these New Left revolutionaries and their parties too trivial to deserve congressional and national concern? Let's consider.

An immediate aim of the new revolutionaries as of the old is to bring about the defeat of the U.S. and the victory of the Communists in Vietnam. But in their carefully planned actions at the hearings, they are equally interested in the goal pursued over the years by all species of Communists: to get HUAC abolished. The constancy and priority given this goal in Communist policy can have only one conceivable explanation: that Communists judge HUAC to be a major enemy and obstacle.

But this specific goal is only part of a much larger drive: to destroy the prestige and authority of a key institution—the legislature—of "the bourgeois state" as preparation for the ultimate destruction of the institution itself and of the bourgeois state of which it is an essential part. ("Bourgeois parliaments [constitute] one of the principal structures of the governmental machine of the bourgeoisie. . . . The task of the proletariat is to overthrow the governmental machine of the bourgeoisie and to destroy it, including all the parliamentary institutions."—Resolution of the Second Congress of the Comintern on "The Communist Party and Parliamentarism.")

Seen from this point of view, the antics of the subversives at the hearing do not appear so zany, after all. HUAC is no accidental appendage of the Congress, but an integral part of the congressional structure, supported overwhelmingly each session by the membership. When the clowning, screaming subversives succeed in turning an official congressional activity into a shambles, the legislature as a whole and the nation are blackened. (It is a Hitler bully boy tactic, all right—the exact tactic employed against the democratic German legislature—but the *Post-Dispatch* has turned its precedent upside down.)

The Sounding Board

Now, in the past, and in the future, the acts of the subversive handful would not have had much success—and they have had notable success—except for the fact that the *Times, Post-Dispatch, Chronicle* and their similars, the Civil Liberties Union and the radio-TV networks allow themselves to serve as sounding boards. Condoning the acts (and condemning only those who seek to counter the acts), they inescapably aid the ends to which the acts are designed as means. In much the same way, by condoning earlier non-violent "civil disobedience" by the civil rights movement (and condemning only those who sought to counter it), they helped bring the Watts-Cleveland-Bedford-Stuyvesant sort of violence to which the civil disobedience principle inevitably leads.

The respectable critics of HUAC certainly do not want to destroy our "bourgeois" Congress and nation any more than they want arson, looting and killing. They will do well, then, to re-think the premises and the consequences of their conduct.

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African Affairs

Naked Emperor

ELSPETH HUXLEY

The crowds, it will be remembered, cheered their heads off as the Emperor in spangled finery, borne aloft by loyal henchmen, glittered by. Only a single non-courtier observed, with some surprise, that the Emperor had no clothes.

Elspeth Huxley

At long last some bolder Britons, rubbing stardust from their eyes, are observing that a similar misfortune has overcome their own Caesar. The Empire died but did not die—it rose again as the Commonwealth, that noble league of free, loyal and democratic nations imbued with British principles of justice, order and fair play, which was Britain's special contribution to the world, and whose 22 other member-states acknowledged, and respected Britain as founder and guide. (All Commonwealth members, it is true, are equal, but Britain is more equal than the rest.) The Empire/Commonwealth had a splendid set of robes.

Nothing that has happened, or not happened, since 1945 will, I suspect, look more astonishing to that overworked body of men, the historians of the future, than the British achievement in keeping this myth alive through thick and thin. Pretty thick, sometimes, too. Nearly all the African members are now military dictatorships or single-party states. Two Asian members (India and Pakistan) waged a cold war which several times flared into a shooting one, and was prevented from breaking out in earnest only by the good offices of the USSR. Well over 100,000 refugees fled from persecution by the rulers of one member-state (Sudan) over the borders of another member-state (Uganda) whose own rulers proceeded bloodily to crush one of their own sub-rulers and his followers. (That sub-ruler, King Freddie, really *did* have no clothes when he escaped into the bush, but survived to have a new set made by his London tailor.)

Another member-state is under the control of Chinese Communists whose takeover was baptized in the blood of at least 15,000 inoffensive Arabs (some were crucified) and an unguessable number of others who were driven, with their wives and families, into small boats and told to head across the Indian Ocean for a homeland their ancestors had left several generations earlier. The heads of that regime—quite legal, unlike Mr. Smith's dreadful Rhodesian one—operate forced labor, imprisonment without trial or term, flogging for minor offenses and other no doubt democratic practices, and lustily denounce the wicked, non-democratic, rebellious practices of Mr. Smith's illegal regime in Salisbury. This, they say, should immediately be put down by force to make way for a more enlightened form of government, presumably more akin to that of what was once, in its unregenerate imperialist days of dhows, ivory elephants, pottering tourists and exports of cloves, known as Zanzibar.

Déclassé Britain

All good things come to an end, however, especially when a cold dawn of national near-bankruptcy ends the revelry to reveal the Emperor's nakedness, the coffers' emptiness and the Commonwealth's hollowness. It has been a costly exercise. Britain's failure to face the realities of her own loss of status committed her to defense expenses that overstrained and distorted the economy, and involved her in aid to Commonwealth countries on a scale she could not afford. In unilateral aid alone she paid out well over $500 million last year. Trade preferences which Britain gives to other member-states are not reciprocated. Nigeria has joined as an associate the EEC. The U.S., not Britain, is the principal beneficiary of the Commonwealth's expanding trade. In the last five years, Britain has supplied 3 per cent and the U.S. 46 per cent of increased imports into Commonwealth countries, and Britain's proportion of exports to them has dropped from 36 to 20 per cent.

So even as an economic concept the Commonwealth is shrinking, and countries like Australia, anxious for British investment and ready to pay market rates for it, sadly complain that Britain gives so much away in trying to buy the goodwill of independent African and Asian nations she has almost nothing over for older members of the Commonwealth with old-fashioned ideas such as paying interest on loans, not defaulting on them and maintaining stable governments without the use of military force. The Dutch also had an empire and also lost it; they cut their losses, and are literally building another by pushing back the North Sea; and look at them—and look at Britain. An immediate dissolution of the Commonwealth, as it stands an affront to common sense, dignity and even sanity, is imperative before the whole ramshackle, make-believe, sugar-coated fairy palace collapses about British ears. It is necessary to acknowledge the Emperor's nakedness before he can be fitted with a new and genuine suit of clothes.

Meanwhile the Rhodesian episode has assumed the nature of a sick farce. Mr. Smith's rebellious and illegal regime, thundered Cicero Wilson in Lagos last January, would be destroyed "in a matter of weeks, not months." A Commonwealth meeting was fixed for July, by which time Ian Smith would be groveling for mercy and a golden age of majority rule would have dawned for the Rhodesians; and if by some mischance this had not quite been achieved, concerted effort by the Commonwealth, probably involving force, would be agreed upon.

July has come and gone. Sanctions have failed; the Smith regime, rebellious and illegal as ever, has dug in; the copper exports which are Zambia's life-blood have been reduced to a trickle and Zambia reduced to near-bankruptcy; costs to Britain are ruinous and mounting; President Kaunda justifiably and angrily feels betrayed; and there has been no

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Commonwealth meeting. Mr. Wilson's government had postponed this until September, hoping against hope that by now sanctions, as inspired communiqués keep on saying, would really "bite." How satisfying to the shades of Mr. Micawber must be the massive deployment of his famous technique! And how disastrous to everyone else.

Were American children, I wonder, told by their mamas that, were the wind suddenly to change, they would be frozen in whatever vulgar posture or grimace—say a stuck-out tongue or cocked snook—they had at that moment adopted? When the Rhodesian argument started, everyone stuck out tongues, cocked snooks and made other rude gestures to the top of their bent. Mr. Wilson rallied to his fiery cross all the cardboard warriors battling for the black underdog. From Khartoum to Kinshasa members of the OAU rattled sabers like mad to warn of a surge of African armies to the relief of their oppressed brethren—though they quickly made it clear that any actual fighting must be done by British troops; African soldiers happened to be busy at home, either suppressing revolutions or, more commonly, conducting them, and fixing the opposition. Mr. Smith and his rebels said they would all die together in the last ditch rather than give an inch of ground, and then cut the Governor-General off the telephone, went on selling coal to Zambia and supplying its electric power, and failed to get their bootleg oil. And there everyone still is, posturing. The wind has changed.

The wind has changed in Britain —grown a lot colder. Nine citizens out of ten, almost certainly, would gladly settle for an accommodation with Mr. Smith even at the cost of sacrificing a bit more of Mr. Wilson's already somewhat charred countenance. African leaders have talked so much of sell-outs, betrayals and hypocrisy that there is scarcely anything more they *can* say, and certainly nothing at all they can do—except pull up their skirts and flounce out of the Commonwealth. By thus bringing matters to a head they would perform the most useful service they have ever rendered to their fellow members. Nor do they stand to lose much themselves. The only member to leave so far, South Africa, has flourished ever since like a whole grove of bay trees. True, there is aid, but the British contribution is most unlikely to increase, and there are other sources to look to; the U.S. gives more, in any case.

Meanwhile, talks in Salisbury between officials are resumed, suspended, re-resumed and re-suspended like the measures of some prolonged and stately dance of somnambulists. Subjects of conversation must be getting very hard to find. But to break the talks off altogether would be to admit total defeat. While neither side has made any worthwhile concessions, to keep them going is at least a token of the willingness of both to negotiate.

Must the farce continue? Everyone is suffering. Rhodesians, black and

white alike, become increasingly beleaguered, unemployed, resentful and hurt. Britain has lost trade she can ill afford to lose, probably for good, lost capital investments, and found herself obliged to pay out large sums which have pushed her farther into the doldrums. The price of copper, which has naturally soared, was one of the causes of the balance-of-payments crisis that rocked her economy so disastrously in July. Zambia claims to have lost at least $100 million in diminished revenues. Who gains? It would be hard to name a single beneficiary—even Communist China has not, as yet, been able to exploit the situation.

In the end someone, or rather everyone, has got to give way. So far, this has not been openly admitted; faces still, apparently, hope to be saved. But even the blinkered British, gazing backwards at their former glories, can scarcely go on much longer pretending that, were Mr. Smith to crumble, and with him the entire Rhodesian economy, they could fly in a task force, take the country over, restore a law and order they are deliberately trying to destroy, and rebuild from ruins they are striving to create, a peaceful, prosperous, racially harmonious, majority-ruled African nation. There must be limits, somewhere, even to the powers of self-deception of the British government.

In a fix like this there seems to be only one way out: find a Solomon. And we are short on Solomons these days. Perhaps it is less wisdom that is needed than simply authority. Any reasonable judgment would be better than none, any viable solution to be preferred to ultimate chaos. But whose authority would both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Smith recognize? The only hope would seem to be to lie in weight of prestige. Presumably the personal intervention of, say, President Johnson, General de Gaulle, Mao Tse-tung or Mr. Kosygin would do the trick. But the Rhodesian potato is too hot for any of these great ones to reach out for it. What bolder arbitrator could be found? Dr. Banda? Mrs. Nehru? Jomo Kenyatta? Or someone outside it all, say one of those inconspicuous, uncommitted Scandinavians? A West German economist or tycoon? Sir Robert Menzies, now out of a job? Mr. Khrushchev, summoned from retirement? General Ayub Khan? Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands? Or, come to mention royalty, the Duke of Edinburgh? It would be hard to think of a better, more level-headed and intelligent arbitrator, or one whose decision Mr. Wilson and Mr. Smith, both staunch royalists, would find it more repugnant to reject. A cause dear to the Duke's heart is the World Wildlife Fund; so the hornets that, whatever his judgment, would furiously rage around his head, could be brushed off with a nonchalant hand.

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Letter from London

Mr. Wilson's Nostrums

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Blustering and hectoring like a pseudo-Churchillian bullfrog with a lower-middle-class accent, Harold Wilson has now succeeded in plunging Britain back into the gloom, bitterness and austerity of the postwar period. The old familiar ingredients are all being served up again; some, like the nationalization of steel, in the crudest form, others in slightly more devious ways, by bullying and blackmail rather than by legislation.

Since Mr. Wilson's government came into power, less than two years ago, there have been in effect six budgets, each tightening the screws on private industry and on the freedom of private citizens to make, keep and use their own money. Businessmen can do no rational planning because the government constantly changes the rules of the game. The whole tax system has been stood on its head; the impact of the new Corporation Tax and Capital Gains Tax (both of them contrary to the advice of a recent Royal Commission) has still not been fully understood, let alone absorbed. And then, at the beginning of May, the government came out with a new horror: the so-called Selective Employment Tax.

This is the sort of idea which a couple of academic economists might have dreamed up during a late night chat over their whisky and soda, but which sensible men would have dismissed with a laugh next morning. The idea is that employers should pay a levy for every employee on their payrolls; that service industries should bear the full weight of the levy, that the money should be returned to "neutral" industries such as government departments, and that it should be returned with a bonus to manufacturing industries, thus encouraging a Marxist-approved transfer of labor from such undeserving occupations as advertising and entertainment to the production of tangible goods.

"Very ingenious," people said—until they began to realize the implications. Not only is the Selective Employment Tax a tax on civilization, for in civilized communities, the service industries ought to expand faster than basic manufacture, but its application is so far from being genuinely "selective" that the results are completely absurd. Distribution and sales are as much part of the commercial process as production: and, since all shop workers count as "service" employees, price will inevitably be pushed up. Manufacturers of candy floss for the home market will be subsidized by the insurance and hotel industries, both of which earn foreign currency: schoolmasters in private schools, nurses in private nursing homes (their state-run equivalents are, of course, exempt) will be penalized for the benefit of industrialists who make slot machines and plastic knick knacks.

Harold's Pharmacopia

To confound this Alice in Wonderland situation still more, an "establishment" qualifies as "manufacturing" or "service" according to the occupations of the majority of people in it—literally, physically, in it—so that if a public road divides a firm's offices from the factory, its computer division from its production line, tax will have to be paid on the workers in one building while those in the other receive a bonus, unless some means can be contrived of linking the two edifices together so that both qualify for the bonus. "If necessary, we'll sling rope ladders over the roof," said the managing director of Reed's Paper Group.

That an economy subjected to lunacy of this kind would get into a mess could surely surprise nobody except a socialist politician. The government's vaunted "Income Policy" never even got off the ground. The labor unions ignored it, wages and prices soared, production sagged, and no one in his right mind wanted to hold sterling if he could change it for some more reliable currency; the seamen's strike and the cost of futile sanctions against Rhodesia added a couple more straws to the camel's back.

So in July, despite the government's denials only a few days earlier, there was another acute sterling crisis, and Mr. Wilson opened another nauseating bottle of his favorite prescription. He announced a short prices and wage freeze, a huge parcel of extra taxes to reduce private spending and a vague intention of reducing government expenditure by a much smaller sum.

At the same time, the currency allowance for foreign travel has been cut right down to £50 ($140) a head; so that Britons traveling abroad have once more become the world's poor relations, deprived, almost as ruthlessly as Castro's Cubans, of the elementary freedom to get up and go, taking their savings with them. And, as a final gratuitous piece of nastiness, a 10 per cent surcharge is to be added to the higher ranges of income tax; a proposal which even the *Times*, by no means a conservative organ these days, described as "nothing less than a primitive kind of class legislation designed to appease an uncomfortable left wing."

Nor is there any reason to suppose that the medicine will work. Several of the largest unions have already refused to cooperate in any wage freeze: and the tax proposals, which increase the cost of living and lessen still further the incentive to work, are just the opposite of what Britain needs. The real causes of the persistent economic crisis—lack of confidence in Mr. Wilson's government, restrictive practices by the unions, the intolerable burden of welfare expenditure—remain quite untouched.

The mass of the electorate remains sluggishly unconcerned. One of the most frightening aspects of Britain today is the contrast between the depression, deepening into despair, felt by responsible people, by the business community, by those who know what's going on, and the continued gullibility of the rest. The man in the street grumbles about higher prices and resents any attempt to check his wage rises, but I'm afraid he will be placated easily enough when, at some stage before the next

(Continued on p. 899)

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DO THE BIG-CITY POLICE HAVE POPULAR SUPPORT?

All over the United States there is a terrifying rise in crime. Only one out of five crimes committed in New York City is ever legally punished—those who commit four out of five offenses go scot-free. Is this a moment for politicians to hamper the police force? Some Liberals think so. But if Mayor Lindsay cannot prevent a referendum, the voters of New York will decide this November.

by Farley Clinton

J. Daniel Mahoney, who is 35, and who was one of the three founders of the New York State Conservative Party four years ago, was interviewed about 8 o'clock on a wet Thursday night in a restaurant on East Thirty-fourth Street in New York City. With him were his wife Kathleen and her brother, also a founder of the Party, Kieran O'Doherty. The conversation tended to center around the news of the moment, the movies of the moment, the private life of an aging millionaire, 1964, 1968, 1972, and Ronald Reagan. The interview, such as it was, happened about the first part of the conversation. Mr. Mahoney's manner is cool, serious, yet indefinably youthful; he is an unusually attentive and careful listener. He wore (in the street) a boater hat, and a light summer sports jacket.

Q. Well, not to mince words, Mr. Mahoney, do big-city police have popular support?

A. Generally speaking, I think so. It's a tough job, a kind of job that always generates a certain amount of friction, everybody gets a speeding ticket at one time or another and doesn't like it, and during this one moment we all feel the police are oppressors. But I think that by and large people realize the difficult and valuable role the police must play, and they appreciate it.

Q. Obviously some people don't feel too warmly towards them, or there wouldn't be this question in New York now of the police review board. How did this come about?

A. Well, you understand, there's always been a police review board with three members, all deputy police commissioners. The complaint by the critics of the police is that the board is prejudiced in favor of the police. Capitalizing on this John Lindsay, when he ran for mayor of New York, promised to institute a civilian review board for policemen charged with abusing their authority or using unnecessary force. It stood him in good stead throughout the Negro and Puerto Rican areas of the city, where he ran far, far ahead of any other Republican candidate in memory. Obviously this was a response to his pledge, and he redeemed it this July by naming several new members to the review board. The four new members—who make a seven-man board in all, of course—were not of a kind to allay the fears that had been raised in many people's minds that this board will simply be an instrument to weaken and humiliate the police force. I don't believe the general public really wants that, or can afford it, at the very moment when serious rioting seems to be accepted as simply the order of the day, from one end of the country to the other. We have race riots, we have no choice but to deal with these riots, it is obviously not in the public interest that they should be allowed to take their course whenever they happen to break out—but any police action to control these riots obviously can and will be put down as brutality to Negroes. And if we have a police review board, with power to destroy any officer's career, which has only been named because of its extreme sensitivity to the racial issue, we have in effect crippled the police, discouraged them from acting to maintain the public order when it is threatened, and seriously damaged their morale and their general usefulness not in this area only but in all areas. I am not surprised that many people share the alarm of conservatives at this ill-conceived idea—and

—Photo courtesy WABC-TV

THE CONSERVATIVE'S *mayoral candidate, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., speaks to reporters after delivering the 40,000 names the party gathered to put the review board issue on the ballot.*

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—NR Photo

Mayor Lindsay is not surprised, either. To do him justice, he has never pretended that he had any real mandate (as opposed to a political debt) to carry out this plan. He has admitted, with a frankness which in anyone else would be called cynicism, that there is no popular confidence in the scheme, and that there was never any chance of its winning popular confidence.

Q. In so many words?

A. In so many words. He said, "I've never kidded myself into believing that the board is a popular idea in the city as a whole. I happen to think it's right, but I don't claim it's popular." Consequently, his hope now is to prevent a popular vote on the question.

Q. And you and the New York police are trying to force the matter onto the ballot in this November's election?

A. The Conservative Party and the Policemen's Benevolent Association have filed independent petitions for a referendum on the matter. We are seeking to preserve the status quo ante.

—Wide World Photo

—NR photo

TOP—*Conservative Party Chairman J. Daniel Mahoney contends that petitions are in good legal order, and that he expects the courts will allow the issue to be put on the ballot.*

CENTER—*Mayor John V. Lindsay (right) brought in new Police Commissioner Howard J. Leary from Philadelphia. Leary agreed to accept a review board before getting the coveted job.*

RIGHT—*"...people realize the difficult and valuable role the police must play, and they appreciate it." Mahoney predicts success in the citizens' protest movement against the politicalization of the police.*

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Q. Do you think this is more than a local New York issue?

A. Of course it is a national issue. The New York situation only reflects the national one, there is nothing peculiar about it. In San Francisco, in Los Angeles, in Boston, in Cleveland, it would be essentially the same problem, and of course similar pressures are more or less actively at work in all these areas and in all the major urban centers of the nation. Since it seems to be the best guess anyone can make that about 70% of the American people now live in the metropolitan regions, I do not accuse myself of being bogged down in some provincial quarrel with this thing.

Q. Don't you expect to be charged with racism?

A. Yes.

Q. Aren't you afraid of this?

A. Of course I wish it weren't going to happen. But I don't think the community can or will allow all discussion of serious public questions to be prevented indefinitely because, if anyone takes a position different from that which is fashionable among extremists and enthusiasts, the extremists and enthusiasts will immediately call him a racist. It is a cheap charge, and it is pretty irresponsible to use it to choke off discussion, which is what our opponents are trying to do, and have succeeded in doing for too long.

If nobody can pretend that this idea has popular support—and if a lot of highly responsible citizens are convinced that it is dangerous and tends to deprive the community (which means all races, black, white, yellow and blue, you know) of fundamental security in regard to life and property, and if it is admitted that any recourse to democratic procedures is going to put the whole idea of a "civilian review board" in jeopardy—then I think it is either malice or ignorance to dismiss the whole matter, and to dismiss the demand that the matter be publicly debated, discussed, and voted on, as mere "racism." Not that I expect anything better from some Liberals, of course. It is inconsistent with their principles to make any effort to understand anyone who seriously disagrees with them.

Q. Don't you think a lot of the backers of this idea are well-meaning?

A. It doesn't do to be too well-meaning, does it? Particularly, when it's other people's moral commitments that you take it on yourself to make for them—which is what a politician does in a matter of this kind. Prohibition was a noble experiment. That should warn us against noble experiments. It is useless, dangerous and self-defeating to make laws that represent the moral sense not of the real community but of some small, self-worshiping elite. I suppose a deep and serious morality is always likely to be the concern of a minority—but unpopular ideas aren't necessarily better or more humane. And whatever happens, laws won't be obeyed if they don't reflect the real consensus of the people at large. They are certain to be evaded and defied, and

—Wide World Photo

POLICE PROBLEMS *include controlling an ever-increasing number of demonstrations, such as this one against "police brutality."*

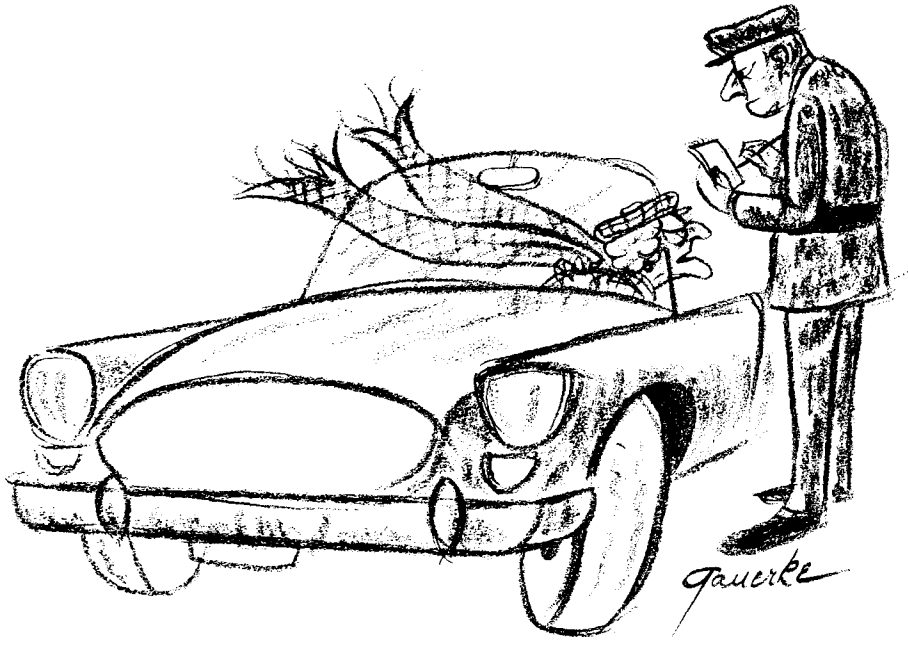
their real effect is to make the principles they supposedly embody more unpopular than ever, even hated. We have had a lot of laws, and one major war, pressed through by well-intentioned but very unwise legislators who were obsessed by the ambition to end our problem of racism with legislation, or court decisions, or governmental action of one kind or another. All the left-wing legislation of recent years has done less good than it was hoped. Every new step was evaded. If most people, or some people, wish to evade the shining Paradise of racial equality, there is nothing that anybody can do about it. It's too bad. I don't know what to do about it. But to take refuge in laws like this one, which jeopardize law and order (frankly) in order to make still another gesture toward the Negroes—well, if we can get our petition on the ballot, I think the common sense of the community is going to back us up. Anyway, I think that in a democracy we ought to have a say in the matter—all of us—and not be at the mercy of the idiosyncratic moral sense of a mayor with a strong political debt to pay off.

Q. Have you had trouble getting it on the ballot?

A. We foresaw that we would. As of now, things are going very well. We had to get 40,000 signatures before July 7th, and we now need another 25,000 before Labor Day, but I think they'll be forthcoming without too much trouble.

Q. And then? If you get on the ballot, how will you do?

A. Who knows? I'm confident, myself. I've heard estimates that we'll win by as much as 2-1; I think they're overoptimistic. But I do think we might very well win, you know. I think we have more than a fair chance.



"...and furthermore, young man, the Civilian Review Board should wash your mouth out with soap!"

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Harvesting the Grape

ALEC WAUGH

For each of us there is at least one sacred stretch of railroad; for me it is the eight-hundred miles between Paris and the Riviera. When I was young, I preferred to make the trip by night. The Blue Train was a magic carpet transporting me from mundane actuality to a perpetual playground. In Paris it had been wet and windy: as I pulled down the curtain of my compartment, I would think, "through this window in ten hours' time I shall see the sunsoaked landscape of Provence, the palm trees and the blue Mediterranean." I savored the sudden contrast.

But now, with wine having become my hobby, I prefer to travel south by day, for the sake of those twenty-five miles between Dijon and Santenay. What treasures lie there; what a regal flow of names. First the Côte de Nuits—Chambertin, Musigny, Vougeot, Romanée then the Côte de Beaune—the low rounded hill of Corton, with its tribute to Charlemagne; after that Beaune itself — Pommard and Volnay and those great white wines, Mersault and Montrachet. I had a friend who stood up and bowed as he passed each one. In half-an-hour you will see the lot. Looking at that gentle rise, you can appreciate why good Burgundy is so scarce and so expensive; there must be, perforce, so little of it. You appreciate, too, why there can be such a difference between two bottles of Burgundy, both bearing the same label. The best wines are garnered from the central slopes, yet the whole strip of land between the railway and the summit has the right to the one great name Chambertin or Beaune or Volnay. There is some estate bottling in Burgundy, but very little. There is no equivalent for the Chateau bottling of the Medoc. You have to rely upon your shipper—or rather upon your wine merchant who is the middle man between the shipper and yourself. There is so little great Burgundy in the world: the demand for it is so keen that the men who make it can rarely afford to drink it. Nor can there be ever any more of it than there is now. Great wine is not like other merchandise: you cannot increase the supply to meet the demand. The cost of production will go up; the population is increasing: more and more people are learning that Burgundy is the king of wines, but those golden slopes can only produce in a good year their 3,000 majestic hectolitres and there are as many poor years as good.

My thoughts—the thoughts of all of us for whom a meal without wine is a day without sunlight—will be turning during these next weeks with fond solicitude to all those vineyards in the Northern Hemisphere whose vintners will be striving to assess the extent and nature of their future gain or loss. These are anxious days for them. Yet great though their anxiety may be, the period of the *vendange* is one of festival. I have only twice been to the vineyards at harvest time; once in Bordeaux, at the Chateau Loudenne which produces an admirable bourgeois claret, and once in Portugal, far up the Douro. Such different territories, yet the essential atmosphere was similar.

I was in Portugal in a year that eventually had the distinction of having its wine shipped as a vintage port, but at that moment no one knew that the good fortune lay ahead; certainly not the group of laborers who had gathered for the harvest. I was staying at the Quinta da Roeda, which is owned by Croft's; the harvest took place at the beginning of October and lasted for three weeks. The foreman brought with him a team of forty men and women whom he had collected from neighboring villages. The Quinta employed the same foreman every year. He gathered the same team. They arrived like school children home for their holidays. Though they had traveled some of them as far as thirty miles over a rough road, they moved at a quick jog, in two separate lines, in single file, men and women with a musician at their head. They shouted and sang and waved. It was like a ballet.

They worked, all of them, extremely hard. All day the women picked grapes under the heavy sun. The baskets in which the men carried the grapes to the vats weighed 130 lbs. The men moved in single file at a jog trot, as Africans do, to take the weight off their feet. Everything went to music. In the evening when the men trod the grapes, the girls came down and danced till midnight. The men were refreshed with tots of brandy. The music grew keener. Everyone was happy. They were better housed and better fed than they were in their own villages. Each laborer had his litre of wine a meal. It was a reunion of old friends, a period of courtship. There was a local jest about "June babies." Many marriages can trace their origin to those evenings.

There is little treading of the grapes today, there or anywhere. It used to be contended that the human foot was better than a press because it did not break the pips. It also warmed the juice; but modern machines brush the pips aside, protecting the juice against the pip's acidity. The details of wine-making have changed from those handed down to us by Egyptian amphorae and the instructions that Virgil gave to the Etruscan peasants, but the general atmosphere of the *vendange* is the same.

During July and August there are the inevitable alterations of hope and fear; too heavy sunlight or too heavy rain, with the damage from late frosts imperfectly repaired. Most years have their disappointments. But when at last the great weeks come, the dark hours are forgotten. The weather has done its best or worst. There is nothing that can be done about it now. One makes the most of what is left.

(Continued on p. 899)

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The "Death of God" Theology - III

What Is Wrong With It?

WILL HERBERG

We have now come to the point in this series where exposition must give way to criticism. We now have some notion of what the "death of God" theology is all about, and what its main sources and ideas are. But how shall we appraise it as a whole, how shall we assess it, what shall we say is right and wrong with it?

Herberg

There is no point denying that the "death of God" theology has its strong points. The phenomenological approach appeals by its sophistication and the extraordinary light it casts upon the structure and reality of manifestations of spirit. Equally impressive is the radical criticism of the modern world that forms such an important part of most of the "death of God" thinking. The combination of the two, apparently making it possible to be a Christian without God, often proves irresistible.

But considering it soberly, I think it must be said that the "death of God" theology is wrong, fundamentally wrong, and wrong in every one of the ways it presents itself. Let me elaborate and substantiate this judgment.

I do not mean merely that the "death of God" theology, in its various forms, is grossly heretical. Of course, it is. But who cares? For heresy to mean anything, there must be orthodoxy, a firm and self-confident orthodoxy, as there is not today, even among Catholics. Today, people eagerly vaunt themselves heretics, hoping that they will thereby prove interesting, for what does a heretic mean today but an original mind, a man who thinks for himself and spurns creeds and dogmas? No; if we are going to fault the "death of God" theology, it cannot be on the ground that we find it heretical. We must judge it in its own terms.

The entire "death of God" system, as we have seen, rests on the phenomenological approach, according to which, to understand anything that pertains to spirit (in the Hegelian sense of *Geist*), we must "bracket out" questions of facticity or psychology, and try to grasp *meaning*. Being *is* meaning. Anything in this realm of spirit is as and what it means. If we want to understand, say, a certain North African religion, or the novel *David Copperfield,* we must put aside such questions as "Did these things which North African believers say happened, did they really (that is, factually) happen?", or "Did David Copperfield really (that is, factually) exist?" These questions are irrelevant: what we should be trying to do is to elicit the structure of meaning of the religion or the novel. The being of the religion, to the believer, or to anyone who wants to understand the believer, is its meaning, and nothing else; just as the being of the novel, to the reader, is its meaning, and nothing else. Apply this approach to Christianity, and you must conclude that the being or reality of the Christian religion is its meaning, without regard to any claims to facticity. The way is now open to a "death of God" Christianity.

But the "death of God" theologians are too hasty, and therefore their argument becomes superficial. In the ancient world, there were many cults of the dying-and-reviving god (Attis, Adonis, Osiris, et al.) who recurrently went through the cycle, so close to the cycle of nature, of being done to death by the dark powers, and coming up alive again to the jubilation of his worshipers. And to many in the ancient world, it looked as though the new Christian cult of the crucified-and-resurrected Lord was but another example of the same thing. But the Christians vehemently rejected this notion. Their story, they insisted, was not one of those "myths" of periodical recurrence, without locus in time or history; their story, they insisted, had *actually happened,* and had happened once and for all. Their salvation-event actually took place in recent history; it had its well-defined location in ordinary time and space. He who does not understand this—that the claim to historical facticity is at the very heart of Christianity, the way it is not in the various pagan salvation cults—does not, in fact, understand what Christianity is all about.

Historical Christianity

If we are to employ the phenomenological approach here at all, we must come to realize that the *meaning* of the Christian religion is not only the story of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus the Christ, but also the insistence that all this happened "under Pontius Pilate," that is, in the context of ordinary factual history. That is part of the meaning, and therefore part of the being, or essence, of Christianity.

Let me give an illustration to make my point clear. In their structure of meaning, apparently, a work of history cannot be told apart from an historical novel. This may lead some to claim that the two — historical novel and work of history—are identical; that it makes no difference which it is. But those who say this are obviously wrong. The very meaning of a work of history includes the claim that the story told is *factual,* that it actually happened in time and place. Even the most inaccurate historical work must make this claim; otherwise, it would not be what we call an historical work: a "*factualized* story." So with Christianity: it must claim historical factuality for the story it tells, and for the characters in the story; that is part of its meaning, and therefore of its being.

The phenomenological approach of many contemporary theologians, who ignore the claim to facticity as part of the *meaning* of Christianity—who, in fact, see Christianity as though it were like a novel rather than like a work of history—is clearly superficial and inadequate. With a deeper understanding of what Christianity means, they would see that it is not possible to say that, because (allegedly) God has lost His meaning

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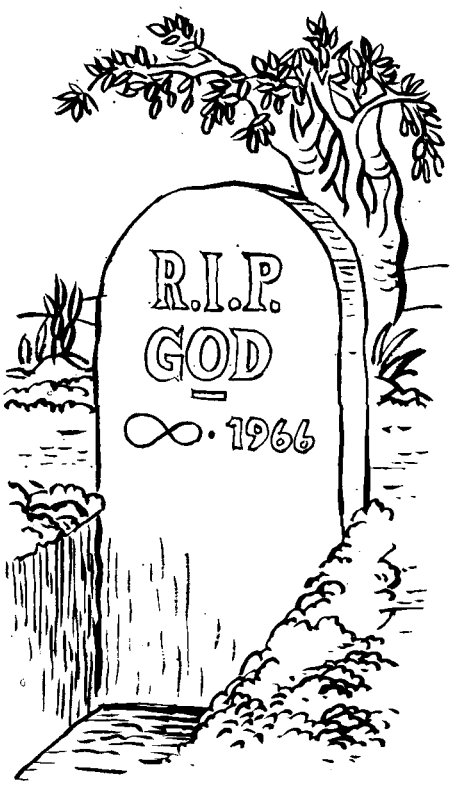
or relevance for the modern world, God has "died." Once we recognize the claim to facticity as essential to the Christian faith, it becomes possible, even necessary, to claim reality and meaning for God, even though the modern world may have lost the sense of this reality and meaning of His. The philosophical ground is thus taken from under the "death of God" theology; whatever else it may claim, it cannot claim to be Christian, that is, to grasp within itself the *meaning* of Christianity. And yet that is the claim of these theologians. In the context of a true understanding of the Christian faith, it is possible, as Martin Buber does, to speak of the "eclipse of God," but not of the "death of God," for, as Buber so well points out, "an eclipse of the sun is something that occurs *between* the sun and ourselves, not in the sun itself."

If its inadequate phenomenological analysis of Christianity undermines its philosophical foundations, the analysis of the modern world given by the "death of God" theology is even more misleading. This analysis can be given in one word "secular." Now this word "secular" is one of the most ambiguous words in our intellectual vocabulary; like "nature" or "history," it is subject to many meanings, which are often difficult to distinguish even through the context. But, if we use the term now in the way it is most often used in the "death of God" literature, that is, in the Bonhoefferian sense of autonomous self-sufficiency, with man "standing on his own feet," having no need of what is beyond, then we can say with assurance that a really "secular" man, or a really "secular" society, does not exist, has never existed, and never can exist. By virtue of the human way of being, man (as I have already pointed out) is *homo religiosus*, and religion is a functional requisite of society. "Man must worship something," Dostoevsky once pointed out with profound insight; "if he does not worship God, he will worship an idol made of wood, or of gold, or of ideas." Modern man may be losing his Christian consciousness; but he cannot lose his religiousness, which is a mark of his human meaning. As a perceptive observer of the religious scene in England has noted,

> we must beware . . . of the traps set by people enamored of such terms as "secularization." Those who talk about secularization are generally either humanists or existentialist theologians. Whatever we are, we are not a secular society, particularly if by that omnibus adjective we mean that "average thinking" is tending toward the norms of natural and social science . . . I challenge the notion of secularization, especially if it means any increase in generalized [religious] scepticism. . . . Our society remains imbued with every type of superstition and every type of metaphysic. . . . (David Martin, "The Unknown Gods of the English," the *Listener* [London], May 12, 1966).

The analysis of the modern world (this term itself could stand criticism) presented by most of the "death of God" theologians (and, I am afraid, by Bonhoeffer, too) is abstract, doctrinaire, and quite unreal. A theology which makes this kind of analysis of the modern world an essential part of itself is seriously faulted by that very fact itself. The "death of God" theology, while claiming to illumine



the Christian's position in an allegedly "religionless" world, has not shown much capacity for dealing with the problem of the Christian in a world run mad with the grossest idolatries and the most lurid false faiths.

I think I have indicated why I must regard the "death of God" theology as fundamentally wrong: its very foundations, intellectually, will not stand critical analysis. In the United States, however, there is another interesting feature, which should not be ignored. The "death of God" theologians, having (to their own satisfaction) eliminated God by denying him any meaning in the contemporary world, what do you think they do? Abjure Christianity, or throw aside religion as an outworn husk? Oh, no! After all, some of them are professors of theology and religion, or even ecclesiastics themselves. They throw God out, but keep on with religion, even with Christianity. Breathing a sigh of relief at the elimination of so unsecular and unscientific a being as God, they fall back upon a fervid pietistic cult of the Jesus, a Jesus obviously torn out of the Trinity, and converted into an exemplary image of the religious superman. God may be abandoned, but religion, Christian religion, never! A Christianity of no real content but religiosity: how strangely akin to the mass religion of Americans, as sociologists and theologians have been describing it in recent years. These vanguard theologians may have escaped, or so they think, the snares of traditional belief and "objectifying" philosophy; but apparently they have willingly yielded to the blandishments of American religion, with its sentimental and optimistic pietism and its empty religiosity. After all, we're all Americans, aren't we?

I am an American, too, so I don't want to end on a negative. There is some good in everything, our sages teach us. And, indeed, the "death of God" theology, for all its self-destroying errors and dubious religiosity, does have something significant to say: it challenges us to bethink ourselves about what we really mean when we say that we "believe in" God, or insist (if we do) that God is not "dead"; and it compels us to reflect upon the kind of world into which we are thrown. More directly, it demands of us that we reflect upon how we can serve God in a world so radically "God-eclipsing." And, for that, for that alone, we ought to be appropriately grateful.

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FROM THE ACADEMY

False Start for Head Start in Michigan

RUSSELL KIRK

My school district, in rural Michigan, has received a federal largesse of $60,000 for the "Head Start" program. "Head Start" is one segment of the "War on Poverty" fairly popular with Congress, because the money is poured into nearly every school district in the land; nobody dislikes children; and all federal money is free, you know. What about results? Well—the teachers are paid much more gratifyingly than in the regular school program; and if the program accomplishes nothing, after a few years it can be quietly forgotten, and some substitute commenced. Such is the Great Society.

Kirk

"Head Start" theoretically is meant to bring out the latent talents of very young "culturally disadvantaged" people, by special attention to them. Here and there, something of the sort may be accomplished — though the notion that somehow a little extra schooling may compensate for stupid parents, disintegrated environment, and every other "disadvantage" is bound up with the pseudo-religion of educationism, which Dr. Ernest van den Haag calls a variant of the Pelagian heresy.

Administration of this fuzzily idealistic program, however, necessarily is carried on by local school districts. The Head Start butter is spread thin but widely and practically any school district that wants the butter can have it. Finding genuinely "culturally disadvantaged" children, and doing something about them, is something else again.

Our "Head Start" is a summer session for all the duller pupils who can be roped in by invitation, not only for the pre-school children for whom the program was started nationally. It is principally a reading clinic and a mathematics class, with plenty of "teaching machines." Sufficiently bored during the ordinary session of school, the young unfortunates condemned to study in summer are rebellious.

"They're hard to manage, aren't they!" remarked a teacher friend of mine, on observing a Head Start class that resembled Comus' rout. "You can say that again," replied the male teacher assigned to this chaos. "If this were regular school, I'd knock some of these little monsters half way across the room. But they don't have to come in summer, and we can't discourage them if we want any enrollment, so . . ."

These young persons abruptly blossom into geniuses in the Head Start sessions. Isn't that nice? See what a little federal money does? But there are reasons.

For one thing, they have teaching machines: and the children, who never have shown much concern for delicate questions of academic integrity and the purity of the higher learning, are placed on the "honor system." This means, for instance, that they can "check their answers" by the teaching machines. It's a lot of bother, during a hot summer, for one to work out his own answers, even if one could; it's far easier to check on your "answer," from the machine, before setting the answer down on paper. Scores are correspondingly high, since the machine does not err; the honor system pays; and Head Start is vindicated.

Also the students are allowed to score their own tests. On many tests, the average child admits to having made only one or two errors, and goes unchallenged by the well-remunerated teacher. How very different from their performance in regular school! "We have a class of Einsteins—according to the pupil-graded tests," says one teacher, with a mordant smile. Thus, at its very inception, Head Start has become—at least in our district—the newest educationist boondoggle.

The educationist assumption seems to be that by going through these shabby formalities, the "disadvantaged" child somehow will rise socially and economically far above his parents, and eventually enter upon easy employment requiring no perspiration.

Eventually, nevertheless, teachers, school administrators, and even Liberal politicians tire of these utopian undertakings. Remember the "Higher Horizons" projects which New York and other cities embarked upon, a few years ago? Vast quantities of money—first from private foundations, presently from the public purse—were poured into these schemes, which were supposed to bring aspiration and high hope to the "gray areas" schools of city cores. A few earnest upper administrators really worked at "Higher Horizons"; but most of the teachers merely collected their stipends. No one knew quite how to go about the business of pointing out those "Higher Horizons": so the usual method was the typical junket, à la latter-day Deweyism, of a mob of pupils to some college campus, to the art museum, to the city hall, ad infinitum.

Perfection of Society?

Well, New York City's "Higher Horizons" boondoggle quietly folded its tents very recently. Its results had been negligible, everyone was bored speechless by it, and school budgets do have limits. Besides Head Start has come along; and the new label, with federal cash, attracts the perennial utopian.

The trouble, primarily, with these grandiose designs for filling all stubborn young heads with sweetness and light is that schools are not designed to be instruments for the perfection of society. Really, they are places for the instruction of those who want to learn, or at least of those who have some real capacity for learning. "Compulsory" education always was a sham: you may confine a child in a classroom, but you can't make him learn. And if an inordinately large amount of a school system's resources are expended upon teaching the ineducable, there must be little time and money left to improve the minds and hearts of the average child —let alone the "gifted."

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Doubts About Dallas

FRANCIS RUSSELL

One of the minor exhibits in the Sacco-Vanzetti case was a revolver, belonging to the foreman of the jury, which was later confiscated by the court. When I was writing about the case I happened to come across this revolver in the files of the Dedham clerk of court. A few months later, I went to his office to see it again, to compare it with photographs of Vanzetti's revolver. I remembered exactly where I had first seen it, in the bottom drawer of the left-hand filing cabinet. My memory was at fault. The revolver was in an upper cabinet drawer on the opposite side of the room and had never been anywhere else. Yet so sharp was my imaginary recollection of that bottom drawer that I would have been willing to swear I had seen the exhibit there, and I should have continued to swear this was so even if a man's life had depended on it. That I, in such a slow-paced and unemotional situation, could have been so mistaken has made me doubt the trustworthiness of most witnesses who in one tense moment have glimpsed an act of violence. No two people will recall such an event in the same way and with the same details, nor do the contradictions necessarily mean that anyone is a conscious liar.

In the case of Kennedy's assassination it might only be expected that from the hundreds of persons who witnessed the occurrences before, during and after the shooting, enough conflicting stories would spring up to develop a variety of theories as to what really happened. Lee Harvey Oswald's fantastic appearance on television after the assassination, and his even more fantastic television-viewed murder by Jack Ruby were the stuff of which myths are made—and the myths were not long in coming. In spite of Oswald's checkered Communist background, the Left will-to-believe in a right-wing conspiracy was stronger than the facts.

So, the expatriate Thomas Buchanan invented his Mr. X, a Texas millionaire who had arranged to do away with Kennedy in order to protect that Texas bill of rights, the oil depletion allowance. Leo Sauvage in France saw the killing as a conspiracy of police, gangsters and assorted right-wingers. The German-born Joachim Joesten imagined a league of death that included the FBI, the CIA, the Army and the by-now-inevitable oil millionaires. From the other side of the "nut" spectrum the John Birch Society also saw government officials as involved in the assassination, made necessary after Kennedy showed signs of reneging on his "Communist" past. In the Birch version Secretary McNamara was already making arrangements for the funeral a week before the President was killed.

Lee Harvey Oswald

I do not pretend to be an expert on the murder events in Dallas. From what I read in the weeks that followed, I assumed that Oswald, and Oswald alone, was guilty of the killing of Kennedy and of Patrolman Tippit. When his widow admitted that she thought so too, that really seemed proof enough. The half-crazy, half-Communist Oswald resembled the half-crazy, half-anarchist Czolgosz who shot McKinley. Such men are loners in thought and deed. As for the wretched Jack Ruby, he probably had the idea he was going to make himself a national hero by doing away with Oswald.

Though Ruby had stopped Oswald's mouth, the event itself still seemed simple. Oswald, sitting by the window on the sixth floor of the Texas School Depository Building with his mail-order rifle, had fired three shots at the Presidential car as it passed below. The first shot had hit Kennedy in the back, the second had wounded Texas Governor Connally, and the third in striking Kennedy in the back of the head had exploded his skull and killed him. Nevertheless, with such varied purveyors of weird conjecture as Buchanan, Sauvage, Joesten and the John Birch Society, it was reassuring to learn that President Johnson had created a commission to investigate and evaluate all the facts and circumstances surrounding Kennedy's murder and Oswald's death. The names of Chief Justice Warren, Allen Dulles, John McCloy and Senators Russell and Cooper seemed the guarantee of definitive answers to the questions: Was Oswald alone? Was he shot to keep him quiet? Was he the agent of some political conspiracy? Was a foreign power involved? Was there any truth to the rumor that he was really innocent?

After ten months of investigation the members of the Commission concluded that Oswald alone fired the three shots that killed President Kennedy and wounded Governor Connally. He was assisted by no one else. There was no evidence to show that he was an agent of a foreign government or was in any way encouraged by a foreign government. He acted by himself, and the clues to his motivation are apparent in his

Inquest: The Warren Commission and the Establishment of Truth, by Edward Jay Epstein. Viking, $5.00

Rush to Judgment, by Mark Lane. Holt, $5.95

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life history. Oswald and Jack Ruby were unknown to each other, and neither man was part of any conspiracy.

For me that seemed conclusive enough. Other theories could no doubt be evolved from the involuntary contradictions of so many witnesses, but the eminent Commission had considered that too, with an attention to detail scarcely possible to a private individual. Those who did not accept the Commission's findings would be too emotionally committed to some other point of view to be accessible to reason—like those aging impassioned defenders of Sacco and Vanzetti who refuse to accept the photographic ballistics evidence that Sacco's pistol was the murder weapon.

I must admit to having picked up these two books critical of the Commission and its findings—Edward Jay Epstein's *Inquest* and Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment*—with the irritated feeling that two dissenters were engaged in a process similar to that of challenging the Sacco ballistics evidence. I finished by absorbing certain of the authors' doubts, and certainly doubts as to the adequacy of the task performed by the Warren Commission.

As Mr. Epstein points out, the purpose of the Commission was a dual one: to determine the truth of what happened in Dallas on November 22, 1963; and to protect the national interest by settling "assassination rumors." But these two purposes could be compatible only so long as the damaging rumors were untrue. Mr. Epstein sees as "demonology" the view that the Warren Commission altered and suppressed evidence. But he does feel that the members started off with the tacit assumption of their conclusions, and that they emphasized the evidence that confirmed these conclusions and passed over evidence to the contrary.

THE KEY QUESTION for the Commission was whether Oswald had accomplices. Was it or was it not possible for him to have fired off the three shots that almost all witnesses agreed had been fired? His rifle and three spent shells were found in the hideout on the sixth floor of the Texas School Depository. Governor Connally testified before the Commission that, sitting with his wife in the collapsible jump seats just ahead of President Kennedy as they rode in the motorcade, he heard a report that he at once recognized as a rifle shot. He turned back to look at the President, and as he did so felt something strike him in the back. A third and final shot shattered the back of Kennedy's head. The FBI in its report claimed that the first and third shots struck the President, the second the Governor. The Commission decided otherwise.

An amateur photographer, Abraham Zapruder, recorded the sequence of the assassination with his movie camera in ten seconds of color film running from just before the first shot until the fatal last one. I have them before me as I write. Kennedy is first shown smiling and waving to the crowd from the rear seat. Suddenly his elbows fly up, his cheeks puff and his hands seem to clutch

Random Notes

● BOOKS AHEAD: Fiftieth anniversary of the Easter unpleasantness in Dublin brings three—journalist Redmond Fitzgerald's *Cry Blood, Cry Erin* (Potter, $7.50); *Dublin 1916,* a collage of eyewitness accounts, stories, poems and such, edited by Roger McHugh (Hawthorn, $6.95); and *The Irish Uprising* by Benedict Kiely *et al.* (Macmillan, $7.95; also available packaged with two Columbia records, at $9.70 mono or $10.70 stereo). . . . John Ciardi and Edward Gorey collaborate again for the renewed delight of children and their elders, in *The Monster Den* (Lippincott, $2.95). . . . Edmund Wilson has revised his *Europe without Baedeker* (Farrar, $6.95). . . . On the exposé front, Ralph Nader threatens a revised and enlarged *Unsafe at Any Speed* for next spring; Pocket Books' edition of the work in present state is due in November. Latest target of the ineffable Fred Cook is *The Secret Rulers,* those syndicates that control who knows what-all (Duell, $6.95); Martin Gross flays the medical profession in *The Doctors* (Random House, $6.95); life insurance gets a death blow from James Gollin in *Pay Now, Die Later* (Random House, $5.95); Robert Wraight tells all about *The Art Game* (Simon & Schuster, $6) and Dexter Masters, former editor of *Consumer Reports,* describes the defenses and wiles, respectively, of *The Intelligent Buyer and the Telltale Seller* (Knopf, $4.95). . . . Knopf reissues, in attractive new format, Conrad Richter's Sayward Luckett saga, *The Awakening Land* —trilogy composed of *The Trees, The Field* and *The Town* ($7.95). Lovers of the well-told tale will welcome John Updike's *The Music School,* 20 stories (Knopf, $4.95), and John O'Hara's *Waiting for Winter,* 21 (Random House, $5.95).

● NOTED: New York operagoers, lucky folk, can see an English-language version of *Aida* on the Central Park Mall, wherein Ol' Pharaoh becomes a deep-Dixie KKK Grand Dragon and the whole slant is on civlibs. Meanwhile, one highlight of the celebration of South Africa's fifth year of independence was an imported version of *Nabucco,* which gutsy tale of the Jews' struggle for freedom was evidently played straight. . . . In the works is a ballet based on Fellini's film *La Strada.* . . . 20th Century-Fox's German sales director got fired for cutting the Nazi sequence from *The Sound of Music.*

● MOVIES: Lack of government funds has sunk *Sink the French Navy,* the spoof on Quebecois separatists projected by a Canadian group . . . . *Day of the Champion* will star Steve McQueen in a romp 'round the European autoracing circuit, but filming is delayed by McQueen's commitment for *The Sand Pebbles.* . . . Now shooting in Italy is *Black Box Affair—The World Trembles,* flick based on the Spanish H-bomb boggle . . . . Two Italian companies have movies based on the landing at Anzio. First into production is *The Guns of Anzio,* with American-International as a cooperating partner. Same firm plans to star Vincent Price in *The Gold Bug.*

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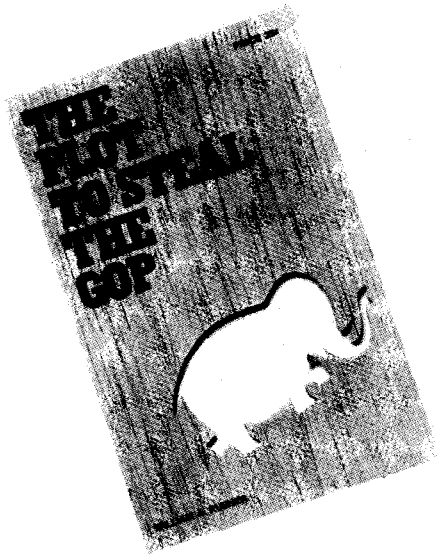

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at his throat, while Connally just in front of him stares sedately ahead. Then Connally turns just as Kennedy's elbows begin to drop. As the President slumps forward, the Governor—now obviously himself struck—sinks sideways into his seat. Finally there is a red burst of the explosion that shattered Kennedy's head. From these stills it seems clear that the three shots took effect as stated in the FBI report. By a frame-by-frame analysis of the film sequence the FBI later concluded that the first two shots must have hit Kennedy within a period of one-and-a-half seconds. Since this would have been too short a period to fire a bolt-action rifle twice, the Commission decided that the first shot had gone through Kennedy's back, come out his throat and then gone through Connally's body. The Governor's reaction was delayed (why, more than the President's, is not explained). The second shot struck Kennedy in the head, and the third went wild.

If the time-sequence analysis of the Zapruder film is correct, one is forced to accept one of the following two propositions: either the first bullet that struck Kennedy also struck Connally; or, if Connally was hit by a second bullet, some one other than Oswald fired it. The general counsel for the Commission stated that "to say they were hit by separate bullets is synonymous with saying that there were two assassins." So the Commission concluded that "two bullets probably caused all the wounds suffered by President Kennedy and Governor Connally."

The autopsy reports are extremely technical, but this much is clear—as Mr. Epstein points out—that the Warren Report and the FBI reports give diametrically opposite versions of the findings as to whether or not the bullet that struck Connally first passed through Kennedy's body. Photographs and x-rays of the dead President would seem to offer the only final solution of this question, but these exhibits—under the control of the Kennedy family—were not made available. So, in spite of all the Warren Commission's labors, the doubt remains as to whether it really did do what it set out to do.

This is Mr. Epstein's most trenchant point. To it he brings a number of pertinent observations. He does not assert that there was a second assassin, but he does indicate that the investigation of the possibility was neither exhaustive nor thorough. "Quite clearly," he writes, "a serious discussion of this problem would in itself have undermined the dominant purpose of the Commission, namely the settling of doubts and suspicions. Indeed, if the Commission had made it clear that very substantial evidence indicated the presence of a second assassin, it would have opened up a Pandora's box of doubts and suspicions."

Mark Lane in his self-appointed task of representing the dead Oswald is of course *parti pris*. Harrison Salisbury, the assistant managing editor of the *New York Times*, in his introduction to the Warren Report described Lane as a "New York attorney who has made a career of insinuating that Mr. Kennedy was the victim of a right-wing plot." Yet, whether one agrees with Mr. Salisbury and with J. Edgar Hoover that Lane is not a lawyer anyone would retain "if they were serious in trying to get down to the facts," he has presented a number of disturbing discrepancies between facts and the Warren Report. As Mr. Trevor-Roper points out in his introduction, *Rush to Judgment* does show that in the Warren Report a whole series of conclusions are based on carefully selected evidence and that the full body of the evidence does not necessarily point to those conclusions. He writes:

> The writers of the Report have selected such evidence as may seem to sustain their conclusion. They have chosen to ignore a great deal of evidence which does not support but even traverses that conclusion. And in the collection and examination of evidence they have shown a remark-

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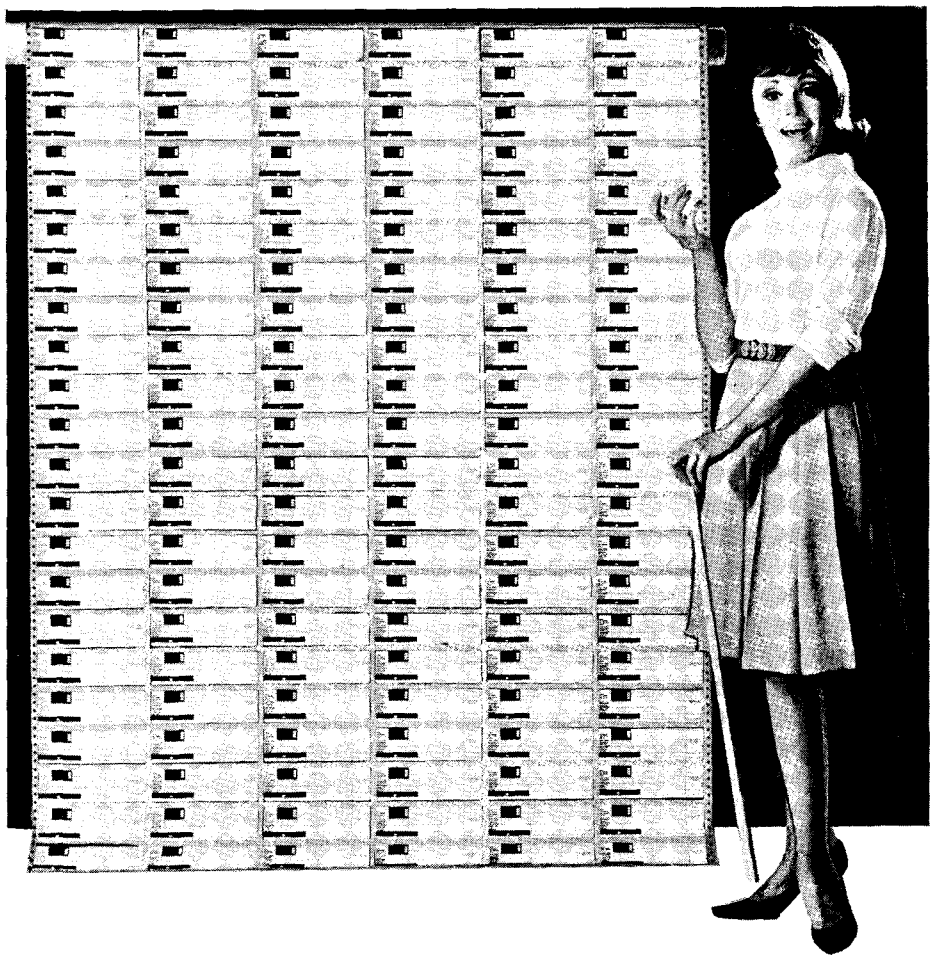
able preference for certain kinds of evidence, certain types of witnesses. The pattern which they have extracted from the evidence is certainly a pattern which can be made to emerge from it; but it does not emerge naturally, or from all the evidence: it has been coaxed and forced by a process, which, had there been an advocate on the other side, might well have been totally discredited before judgment could be given. The worst that can be said of Mr. Lane is that he is the necessary advocate.

The Epstein book was begun as a master's thesis, based on an examination of the Warren Report. Lane's is not so much thesis work as field work, and he has devoted much time to interviewing the witness passed over by the Commission. Yet the basic conclusion of the two men is the same: that the members of the Commission, in their commitment to corroborate an already formed point of view, disregarded—Lane would have it "suppressed"—evidence to the contrary.

EVEN GRANTED the self-deceptive quality of witnesses' recollections, the discrepancies between the facts and the report cannot be passed over. Mr. Lane has amassed an impressive number of such discrepancies. For example, of the 90 assassination witnesses who were asked from where they thought the shots came, 58 said from the grassy knoll ahead of the Presidential car rather than from the Book Depository. Half a dozen thought they saw a puff of smoke on the knoll.

A bullet, found in the corridor of the Parkland Hospital where the President was brought, was first said to have fallen from Kennedy's stretcher, then Connally's. This bullet and the fragments of bullets found in the Presidential limousine were definitely established as having been fired from a rifle found on the sixth floor of the Book Depository. This bullet the Commission has assumed to have hit Kennedy in the back, emerged from his neck, penetrated Connally's back, smashed his rib, fractured his wrist and entered his thigh—while scarcely losing shape in the traverse. Possible; but impossible that it would have lost only 1.4 to 2.4 grains of metal, while over three grains were present just in Connally's wrist. The doctors who examined Kennedy at the hospital all testified that the neck wound was an entrance wound. If



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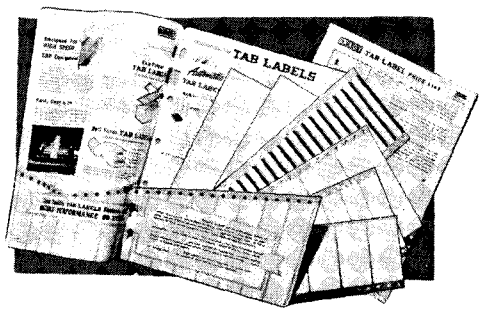

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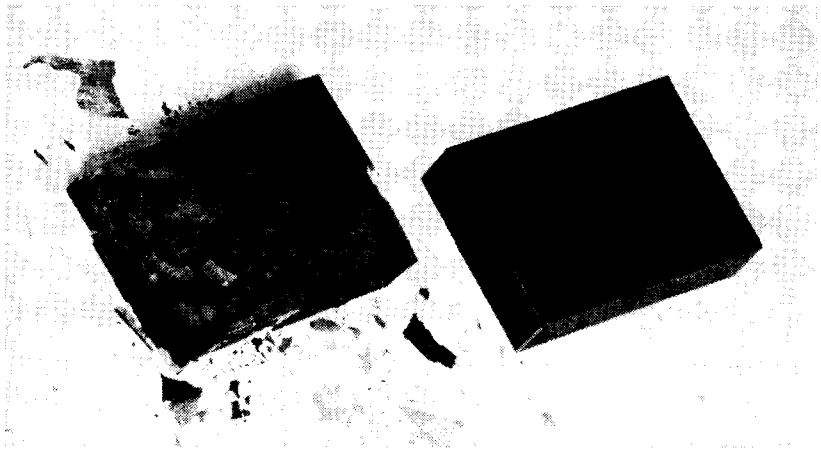

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so, it could not have been fired from the angle of the Book Depository. Later, Secret Service agents arrived at the hospital to lay down to the doctors that all wounds had been inflicted from the rear. And the doctor who conducted the autopsy at the military hospital was ordered not to discuss the matter.

Still other questions intrude. Why was Oswald wanted by the police at least half an hour before Tippit was shot? The Commission's explanation is vague, and indeed erroneous in claiming that Oswald was the only person working in the building who was outside just after the assassination. In fact two-thirds of those who worked there were outside for the lunch hour and to see the President. Then there is the matter of Jack Ruby and his intimacy with the police, so muted by the Commission. Whatever he may be, there is still the possibility that he could reveal vital information. He offered to tell the truth if he could tell it outside Texas and away from the Dallas police. The Commission refused him the opportunity.

In the chapter, "Four Episodes," Lane examines the following questions, to all of which the Commission gave negative answers. Did Oswald bring a rifle to a sporting goods shop in Irving early in November 1963? Did he attempt to buy a car during that time? Did he practice firing at rifle ranges in Dallas and Irving? Did he meet with an anti-Castro group in September 1963? There is evidence that he did all these things. An employee of the Irving Sports Shop stated that two weeks before the assassination he marked the name "Oswald" on the repair tag of a rifle. A salesman for the Downtown Lincoln-Mercury agency in Dallas demonstrated a hardtop to a man on November 9 who drove the car rather recklessly and gave his name as Lee Oswald. The salesman later wrote the name on the back of a business card, and his story is corroborated both by the sales manager and by a polygraph lie detector test. Half a dozen workers said they saw Oswald firing on a rifle range several days before the assassination. An anti-Castro émigré of good reputation, Sylvia Odio, testified to a lawyer of the Commission that in September 1963 Oswald and two Mexicans or Cubans visited her. Oswald gave his name as Leon Oswald and remarked

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that "President Kennedy should have been assassinated after the Bay of Pigs."

Oswald did not drive a car, and he was in New Orleans when he is alleged to have visited Mrs. Odio. Yet there is strong evidence from honest people that he did both these things. Mr. Lane offers the hypothesis that others have since taken up. There were, he suggests, two Oswalds, the false Oswald being engaged before the assassination in trying to "frame" the real one.

In many such examples, including the mystery of the photographs made of the Depository sixth-floor window at the very moment of the crime, it seems to me that Lane has proved his point against the Commission. It just did not do its job properly. Senator Ted Kennedy was interviewed after the Epstein book appeared. He said he had not read the Warren Report but he was convinced from other sources that Oswald alone and without other assistance was his brother's killer. Certainly the resources of the Kennedy family are large enough for them to have investigated amply on their own, and no doubt they have done so. I think Senator Kennedy is right. The contradictions and apparent enigmas can be resolved. There is probably a rational explanation for the throat wound, for the time sequence shown by the Zapruder film, for the pseudo-Oswald and other questions raised by Mr. Lane. What is needed now is a commission to investigate the Warren Commission and its findings.

Fiction

Two Flops And A Winner

GUY DAVENPORT

A FEW YEARS ago John Knowles wrote a neat little novel called *A Separate Peace*. It was an American transcription of Roger Peyrefitte's *Les Amitiès Particulières* and won a name for itself. Then he wrote *Morning in Antibes*, a confused novel both pointless and dull. And now Mr. Knowles sends forth a third. It, too, is pointless and dull. The writing of novels is inordinately esteemed in our society, and many go in for it who have no knack whatever. The scribbler of fiction was thought to be a trifle loony in nineteenth-century America (as in Russia today); now he ranks just below movie stars and TV emcees, and the status is worth the climb. The struggle is so fascinating, in fact, that the aspiring writer hypnotizes himself into believing things that would give him the dry grins in a waking state.

For instance, Mr. Knowles began to believe that rich people living in Connecticut are interesting, and that if he imagined them in certain situations—situations that one can see every afternoon on television laced with much headier treacle—their silly anxieties would make an interesting novel. Well, they haven't. Perhaps, to be generous, Mr. Knowles' dim story might have taken on some life if he had vacuumed the fuzz off his prose, learned to construct a dramatic scene, and found an interest in human beings. Human beings have made excellent subjects for novels before. Novelists have described their endurances on desert islands; their taking up knight errantry ten centuries too late, their fanatic pursuit of white whales. Mr. Knowles' protagonist is discharged from the military and is naughty with a friend's wife. There is no other plot, to speak of. Some rich Connecticut people solidify from time to time, to rattle the whiskey in their glasses and to peer into goldfish ponds. This meager, mumbled narrative is thinned out to occupy 242 pages, the length of the Pentateuch plus eight chapters of Joshua, or of half of *Don Quixote*.

If Mr. Knowles speaks with a dry mumble about nothing, Mr. Fiedler shouts and whacks about on the same subject. *The Last Jew in America* (three stories, the other two being "The Last WASP in the World," and

Indian Summer, by John Knowles. Random House, $4.95

The Last Jew in America, by Leslie Fiedler. Stein & Day, $4.95

The Anti-Death League, by Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, $5.95

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"The First Spade in the West") sounds, judging by the titles, to be high-class sass. But the stories, like the titles, are simply jokes in equivocal taste, loudly told, worked for obscenities, and delivered with a truck driver's slap on the back to drive the point home. In prose that buzz-saws its way into a hopeless subject Mr. Fiedler tells first of a Jew in a Western town who has trouble getting a quorum for a dying friend's last Yom Kippur, then of a sole gentile at a Jewish wedding, then of a Negro whose invitation into the bed of an aged Caucasian torch singer coincides with her death by heart attack.

In all of Mr. Fiedler's fiction the characters can never think of anything to do but get drunk and swap insults until something vaguely dramatic happens—in this new work the drama consists of a) vomiting, b) going to bed drunk, c) ditto. For Mr. Fiedler the essence of story telling is to edge his loud-mouthed sots toward The God-Awful Moment. It's a desperate formula (and a favorite of Creative Writing Classes) but it palls on the reader, who soon tires of the noise and the impotence of invention. If Mr. Knowles kept going to sleep during the composition of his novel, Mr. Fiedler must have been many times on the verge of rupturing a blood vessel as he beat out these wide-mouthed tales. No author whose stock in trade is rich Connecticut people or Jews, WASPS, and Negroes in the Far West need feel that his hope of fame has been jeopardized.

If American fiction is having a fit of distemper, the English novel is jovial and robust. Kingsley Amis, whose wry comic asperities have fostered five immensely readable novels over the past decade, has written in *The Anti-Death League* the most entertaining spoof of English manners since Stella Gibbons' *Cold Comfort Farm*. Phlegm, the eighteenth century decided, runs the Englishman, and a comic school was founded. Mr. Amis chooses three bastions of English sense and propriety, the army, the gentry, and medical science, and makes a neat triangle of them on the English countryside. With action as brisk and as suspicious as that of the best detective novels, commerce springs up among the three establishments. The army post is actually a disguise for a highly sensitive spy maneuver against Red China. The hospital is an insane asylum under the charge of a psychiatrist who would have made Freud break down and weep. The country estate is a genteel bawdy house with a faculty of one—a single-minded English lady whose nerves are not up to having a man about the house in the daytime.

The fun begins as Mr. Amis carefully lets the characters' disguises slip. Nothing remains what it seemed at first sight. The plot is alive with turns and surprises. But what makes the novel so fine is the wise forgiveness of its temperament. Mr. Amis has mellowed considerably since he first set out to skewer the fool upon his own folly. Here his fools are no less outrageous (an atheist padre, a mad psychiatrist) but their folly pinches themselves only, never others. And as in all good-natured comedies, the negative values cancel out, and virtue, however beat up in the process, wins out triumphant and laughing. And Kingsley Amis emerges from the fun as one of the best-natured comic writers in the business.

The Passing Scene

The Hot Hundred: A Surprise

MAX GELTMAN

On July 4, when even "educational" station WNDT (Channel 13) in New York gave up a moiety of its time to a program titled "Expressions of Patriotism" (not anything, by the way, that would stir one's corpuscles to a trot, much less a gallop), I thought to look into some recent issues of *Billboard*, the national trade weekly which keeps track of such things, to find out what the youth of America was singing, or at least listening to, in our current time of troubles. I had thought they were humming to the strumming of Pete Seeger and swinging to the singing of "old" Bob Dylan. To my complete surprise I soon discovered that the patriotic song—and I mean Patriotic with a capital "p"—the song sometimes bordering on pure bathos like "For God and Country and You, Mom," and not, say, "We Shall Overcome" was the rage among the country's teen-agers.

Reading over *Billboard* for June 4, I discovered there in show-biz journalism, which likes its stories in big, bold type and large, round numbers, that "the 300,000 Americans fighting in Vietnam are making an impact on the American popular music scene." I also learned that "since January, well over 100 Vietnam records have been released, with five making the *Billboard* Hot 100 and a dozen making *Billboard's* country charts." I learned further that these songs are generally divided into two categories —patriotic and protest, with "the first category" (patriotic) leading "by far in number of releases and total sales."

In the issue of June 11, imprinted in bold red letters and embedded in the Number 78 slot of the "Hot 100" popular charts was a recording titled "Day for Decision." Starting that far up from the bottom gave indication

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hat there was a chance for it to nake the "Top Ten," from which vanage point all million-seller single ecords emerge. I have heard the 'song" a number of times (the quotes are not meant to suggest that I am ooking down my nose at the musical quality of the composition; it is only to note that "Day" is not really a song at all, but a recitation with musical background), and I continue to marvel at the fact (situated as I am on the banks of the East River) that tens of thousands of young Americans are buying the record, while millions more are listening to it, else it would never have made it onto the charts in the first place. (The singles record market, it should be noted, is strictly a teen-age market.)

By mid-July "Day for Decision" was in the upper third of the popular 100, and Number 20 on the Country and Western charts. For those who lack a proper appreciation of these terms, it is well to explain that C & W does not mean hillbilly or folk, but it does mean a kind of country rhythm and style of song that is at the root of most of the best popular music written today. Sometimes this kind of music is identified as folk-rock. Tin Pan Alley, long dead as a source of America's popular music, has been replaced in large measure by Nashville as the capital of country music. And for those who still do not grasp the finer distinctions attempted here, I suggest you get any album by the late Hank Williams, place it on your record player, sit back relaxed, and listen. If you still don't dig it, forget it.

Now WHAT is "Day for Decision" all about? In simple words and in *basso robusto recitativo* (with instrumental *obbligato* and muffled percussion for background) Johnny Sea on Warner Bros. Records (Bobby Archer on Decca) tells us of a nation abashed, one which "looks down at its shoelaces when they play the national anthem." But as affirmation overcomes embarrassment, the words ring out the swelling chorus of "America the Beautiful" and the narrator-singer admonishes us to lift our eyes to the flag "and sing out as loud as you can: *America, America, God shed His grace on thee/And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.*"

Other patriotic songs young Ameri-

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ca is singing include "Dear Uncle Sam," "What We're Fighting For," and "A Soldier's Prayer in Vietnam." Among the protest songs recently popular were "Eve of Destruction," sung by Billy McGuire, and "Cruel War" by Peter, Paul and Mary. Probably the biggest hit of the war is Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler's "Ballad of the Green Berets," which everybody was singing not so long ago, except for the special brand of "pacifist" commonly identified as a Vietnik. Currently nothing of protest is on the charts. Not Billy McGuire, not P.P. & M, nor Joan Baez nor Bob Dylan. (The tergiversations of Bob Dylan, chronicled in these pages not so long ago, have indeed landed him back on the "Hot 100." But, on listening to some of his recent releases, one is inclined to suspect that Mr. Dylan has merely changed from protest to prurience. This, we hasten to add, is only a quick impression. We shall have to postpone final judgment to a later time, for young Bob Dylan is still the most gifted minnesinger in the land.)

Meanwhile Pat Boone, who would rather sing the nation's songs than recite verbatim the most recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court, has been making the airwaves resound to the vocalizing of some six-score of the brightest and freshest voices to be heard this side of a heavenly choir. His packaged show especially prepared for television under the improbable rubric of "Up With People" is bringing into the homes of America a great, warm and colorful singshow, far and away superior to the "Sing-Along-With Mitch" *kitsch* that passes for big-time entertainment on some of the major networks.

"Freedom Isn't Free," Pat Boone's boys and girls are singing with fine philosophical insight. It's a "Cruel War," the protestants reply. We can all agree, however, that since freedom is always dearly bought and all wars are cruel, it is good for the nation to sing of freedom, and to protest, both at the same time.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

DIALOGUE WITH ERICH FROMM, by Richard I. Evans (Harper, $4.95). We have had the East-West dialogue, the Protestant-Catholic dialogue, and the Christian-Marxist dialogue. Now we have one with *Erich Fromm. It is to be followed* in this series by other dialogues with important behavioral scientists. Will all of them make this book's claim? "Lucidly presented and absorbing to read," promises the dust jacket, "it offers an unusual opportunity to learn a great deal with pleasure and without pain." This reviewer read the book totally without pleasure and, if not in pain, with a certain dull ache. "We can progress only to the extent that we have increased our own human powers of reason . . . and to the same extent we can cut the ties to mother, to father, to soil, to blood, to idols." Dull ache. Besides being the father of "humanistic psychoanalysis," Fromm poses of course as a philosopher and a sociologist. It is probably from his philosopher/sociologist viewpoint that he surveys the nuclear-arms race, writing, apparently without irony, that "men seem to be somewhat indifferent to the wish to live." What is one to do confronted by such a thinker? Nuclear arms may be condemned on a number of grounds, but that we build them precisely because we are tired of living is preposterous

G. M. PEPPER

HOW THE COMMUNISTS USE RELIGION by Edgar C. Bundy (Devin-Adair, $3.50). Mr. Bundy will be recognized as the author of *Collectivism in the Churches* (1958) and as the stalwart of the Church League of America (the energetic critic of the National Council of Churches). His newest essay gives a vivid picture of the position and activity of the Russian Orthodox church as a limb of the Communist Party, but one may question his root-and-branch assault upon Western clergymen who hobnob with Muscovite Tartuffes. Those Tartuffes represent, however faultily, real congregations: Kuehnelt-Leddihn has reported that the Russian churches are filled with "old women" faithful—but not the same "old women" one saw at worship thirty years ago. Bundy offers no program, though one comes immediately to mind: we should make use of the Communist clerics to speak over their heads to their congregations. A joint communique on Christ and the money-changers would make the point. The message is not, as the Kremlin would have it, that Christ is anti-capitalist. The message is that all those whose work is an affront to God should be tossed out of the Church. The old women will hear the message and be comforted. It is well to assail the false hierarchs; well also to nourish the creatures in the catacombs.

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (August 23)

[Milton] Friedman

THE MINIMUM WAGE RATE:

One of the features of doing things through government is that if you make a mistake, you don't unmake it. Everybody may agree that a government program is a great failure . . . The only result . . . will be more money for the program, or a second program that tries to correct the problems caused by the first.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One who takes charge and looks after a place, thing, or other person	69 2 29 158 97 53 40 181 108
B. What Lyndon Johnson is—for a time (3 wds.)	81 127 32 24 179 174 100 1 136 43 151 54 115
C. These will be found, not in the atlas, but in the pancreas (3 wds.)	93 17 186 33 26 89 109 128 66 166 44 119 193 9 145 55 98 31 170
D. Provided with eyelashes	125 148 45 161 58 37 200
E. A book full of useful (and useless) data	142 72 199 86 99 113 64
F. Girls' name	27 18 129 77 74 41 111 106 167
G. Theodore Roosevelt's home (2 wds.)	177 47 146 38 19 180 165 130 3
H. A hunting call to signal full chase	187 39 95 87 73 195 10
I. Confederate battle cry (2 wds.)	192 79 156 88 62 172 196 182 8
J. To damage	173 104 123 36 80 110
K. A meddler	34 178 20 189 131 188 149 184
L. Not educated	60 198 116 12 191 94 139 137
M. Italian statesman (1868-1953)	76 25 138 153 63
N. Edible	103 48 160 147 61 132 82
O. This makes a goat look like a gentleman—or vice versa	120 4 152 168 105 124
P. A Western Hemisphere national capital	135 126 202 164 28 185
Q. Loser's line score in all five games, 1905 World's Series	155 22 30 35 46 52 65 91 121
R. German cooking that was strictly for the birds (3 wds.)	6 96 107 134 162 67 150 169 197 141 83
S. Great massacre of the French which began at Palermo, 1282 (2 wds.)	11 68 159 84 49 118 171 42 78 133 92 59 140 5 154
T. What Oliver Wendell Holmes the younger wanted to be again	16 70 175 117 90 176
U. Czech scholar (1860-1932)	201 183 102 190 23 112 13
V. City which united with Minneapolis, 1872 (2 wds.)	57 7 101 114 50 71 163 85 15 194 21 143
W. What too many are looking for (2 wds.)	75 56 14 51 157 144 122

				1 B	2 A	3 G	4 O	5 S		6 R	7 V	8 I	9 C	10 H		11 S
12 L	13 U	14 W		15 V	16 T		17 C	18 F	19 G	20 K		21 V	22 Q	23 U	24 B	25 M
26 C	27 F		28 P	29 A	30 Q	31 C	32 B		33 C	34 K	35 Q	36 J	37 D		38 G	39 H
40 A	41 F	42 S	43 B		44 C		45 D	46 Q	47 G	48 N	49 S	50 V	51 W		52 Q	53 A
54 B	55 C		56 W	57 V		58 D		59 S	60 L	61 N	62 I	63 M	64 E		65 Q	66 C
67 R	68 S	69 A	70 T	71 V	72 E		73 H	74 F	75 W		76 M	77 F	78 S	79 I	80 J	
81 B	82 N	83 R	84 S	85 V	86 E	87 H	88 I	89 C		90 T	91 Q		92 S	93 C	94 L	95 H
	96 R	97 A		98 C	99 E	100B		101V	102U	103N		104J	105O	106F	107R	108A
	109C	110J	111F	112U		113E	114V	115B	116L	117T	118S	119C	120O		121Q	122W
123J	124O	125D	126P	127B	128C	129F	130G	131K	132N	133S		134R	135P		136B	137L
	138M	139L	140S		141R	142E	143V	144W	145C		146G	147N	148D	149K		150R
151B	152O	153M	154S		155Q	156I	157W	158A	159S	160N	161D	162R	163V	164P	165G	166C
167F		168O	169R		170C	171S	172I	173J	174B	175T		176T	177G	178K		179B
180G	181A		182I	183U	184K	185P	186C		187H	188K		189K	190U	191L	192I	
193C	194V	195H	196I	197R	198L	199E	200D	201U	202P							

See page 896 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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LEJEUNE

(Continued from p. 879)

lection, the Chancellor removes a raction of the extra taxes which ıave been imposed, twopence comes ›ff the price of beer, and the votes vill roll back to Labor.

Never have politicians and indeed he whole system of two-party, uni-ersal suffrage democracy fallen into such contempt among thinking peo-ple: and deservedly so. Britain is be-ing turned into an international joke; her resources, built up over many generations, are being recklessly squandered; her traditions, her honor, her institutions, the hopes and vir-tues of her people, are being dragged down, one by one.

All these calamities were both pre-dictable and predicted. They were in no sense unavoidable. They are self-inflicted wounds; wounds invited by an essentially frivolous electorate, which chose to put Harold Wilson into power because it was a little bit bored with the Conservatives.

WAUGH

(Continued from p. 883)

A long year's work has reached frui-tion. The grapes have ripened. It is time to pluck them, to cart them to the vats, to watch the bubbling must. A rich sweet smell rises from the machine rooms. It is a period of jubilation; of gratitude to the inspira-tion that has enabled mankind to realize that certain kinds of soil so poor that they would barely serve as pasturage for goats, are nevertheless supremely and solely capable of pro-ducing one of the Almighty's kindli-est gifts to man.

During these imminent weeks of preparation all those who care for wine will be offering their supplica-tion that fate will be clement to the vineyards, with each oenophil adding his own special codicil—"to this or the other vineyard in particular." Mine will be for the Slopes of Gold.

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 866)

year by the National Planning Associ-ation. After studying sixteen proposed goals and assessing their cost in terms of 1962 dollars, the report concluded that by 1975 the cost of these programs would be 150 billion dollars more than the esti-mated gross national product of approxi-mately one trillion dollars.

Silver Springs, Md. ABE KALISH

Multiversity

I have just read a Random Note in your July 26 issue of Nicholas Von Hoffman's new book on the University of Illinois, which you say "has a trifling 12,000 stu-dents." This is not correct. There are some 33,000 students at the Champaign-Urbana campus excluding those at the Chicago Medical Center and the Chicago Circle campus.

Urbana, Ill. STEPHEN M. TAYLOR

Kissing Charlie

Charles de Gaulle in Kiev kissing "little Russian girls" [July 12]? Come now, gentlemen, you seem to have picked up some of the General's monolithic man-ner. It is just possible that in the capital of the second largest Slavic nation there were Ukrainian girls, *n'est-ce pas?*

Millville, N.J. RUDOLPH BLAHUT

Oui. —ED.

When the Subject Is Science

Mr. Theodore Sturgeon's delightfully lu-cid analogies in "When the Subject Is Lasers" [July 12] certainly qualify him as *NR*'s mentor of science, and will make your new department of science well worth having.

I did cringe noticeably, however, when I read: ". . .you can design an anti-tank weapon. . . with an *absolutely straight line* as a trajectory." (Emphasis mine) Mr. Sturgeon should know that laser *"light"* (or *any* light, for that matter) will not follow an *absolutely* straight line (at least not in the Euclidean sense in which I'm sure most of his readers took him). Gravity, you know. See Ein-stein, et al.

West Lafayette, Ind. STEVEN C. BASS

I was pleased to see that you have added a department of science to your excel-lent publication, and was delighted by Mr. Sturgeon's lively discussion of las-ers. It might be of further interest to your readers if, in addition, you included occasional reviews of books written by scientists for laymen. The recent work by George and Muriel Beadle, *The Language of Life,* would be a good sub-ject for Mr. Sturgeon. . . .

Granada Hills, Cal. RICHARD P. HUEMER, M.D.

In reply to Mr. John R. Vaughan who asked about protection from the sun in space [To the Editor, Aug. 23]:

I don't know the precise mechanism used on the windows of the Gemini cap-sules—they may be using Polaroid fil-ters that can vary from 50 per cent transmission to almost 0 per cent by simple rotation. They may use shutters. The thing is, it's easy to arrange such gadgets in a roomy space capsule—and tight as a Gemini capsule is, it's a darned sight roomier than a space hel-met!

One thing I am sure of—direct sun-light in space is something we did not have an opportunity to evolve protec-tion against! The light from a quartz-tube mercury vapor arc, or the radiation from a welding arc, can quickly produce such sunburn of the cornea of the eye as to produce blindness due to opaque clouding. This is *not* cataract, which is clouding of the *lens* of the eye, and can be repaired by removing the lens. Cloud-ed corneas can sometimes be repaired by corneal grafts—which "take" only some-times.

That's why welders use very special dark glasses over their eyes.

The radiations of the sun in space are literally *more* dangerous than radiation from an arc-welding torch.

New York, N.Y. JOHN W. CAMPBELL

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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For The Record

AFL-CIO has two political task forces already at work: one whooping it up for Gov. Pat Brown, the second energetically involved in Paul Douglas-Chuck Percy senatorial battle in Ill. Significance of latter: George Meany, a strong anti-Communist, fears that ultra-Liberals who have turned on Douglas because of his pro-Johnson position on Vietnam may yet sink him. . . . Kind of tensions building in dispirited Brown camp (the smear isn't taking) resulted last week in fist fight between campaign manager Don Bradley and key aide Frederick Dutton, a U. of Cal. regent. . . . Sen. George Murphy, who has been instrumental in raising over $2 million for Republican candidates in last two years, campaigning vigorously for all Republicans: including Liberals Charles Percy and Mark Hatfield. This could make it hard for Sen. Thomas Kuchel who's been sulking in his hacienda since Ronald Reagan got the nod.

Literary Notes from the Kremlin: The wife of jailed Soviet author Yuli Daniel reports he was placed on short rations at his labor camp for 25 days recently; author Marc Slonin appeals to Western intellectuals to beat propaganda drums so that Daniel and Andrei Sinyavski will be allowed to receive food parcels. . . . Pravda announces there's to be no rehabilitation of Trotsky in connection with 50th Anniversary celebrations of Russian revolution next year. . . . First edition of Bible stories published in Soviet Union since the Revolution for sale to public gobbled up from bookstores in matter of hours. It was 100,000 print run. . . . Also popular, Truman Capote's In Cold Blood which Russians pirated and printed without permission, without royalty payments and with ideological emendations and cuts. . . . First Moscow telephone book in four years just out, a printing of 40,000 for Moscow's 6.5 million people. . . . Soviet author-at-large Valery Tarsis, who served time in a Soviet insane asylum, has asked for and received Greek citizenship.

Next Communist grab in Caribbean could be in strategically important Haiti. Sen. Thomas Dodd warns Communists have infiltrated both the government and the army of President Duvalier and says "all the ingredients for an early Communist takeover are present." The heavily traveled Windward Passage is flanked by Haiti and Cuba. . . . Dr. Lionel Alonso, the Cuban ambassador to Lebanon who has just defected, says conspiracies are brewing all over Cuba

Punch Ben Roth Agency

"Glorious defeat, okay; strategic retreat, fine; but withdrawal on account of balance of payments . . .!"

and that sooner or later Castro could be toppled. . . . Will his successor be Pres. Dorticós? Dorticós seems to be Moscow's man in Havana right now.

Cruelest Cut of All: The Lyndon Johnson cult on New Hanover Island in New Guinea is dying out according to local reports. Natives of New Hanover were refusing to pay their taxes a couple of years ago and instead diverting the money to a fund to buy Lyndon Johnson; now you couldn't give him to them. Sic Transit Gloria.

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■ The trouble free feature guaranteed for all Series K coils was not the result of "luck"—it was a specification to be satisfied when the Series K line of motor control was being designed. Allen-Bradley achieved this by completely encasing the coil within an inert molding material under high pressure.

Unexpected advantages came along with this new molding technique. For instance, the high pressure locks each turn of wire rigidly in place. Consequently, motion between wires cannot wear away the insulation, causing a shorted turn and resulting eventually in the burnout of the coil.

Exhaustive laboratory tests indicated a completely successful design, and this has been firmly established by the Series K coil performance in the field—in every imaginable type of service and environment. With less than a dozen bona fide coil failures reported from among the hundreds of thousands of Series K starters put into service since becoming available in March, 1961, this record justified Allen-Bradley's offer to its user-customers to replace any coil "at no cost" that fails when used at the coil's nameplate voltage and frequency.

There are many other "plus values" built into Allen-Bradley Series K controls—worth much more to you in the life of the starter than a cut in price when the purchase is made. You also benefit from the service that your local Allen-Bradley appointed distributor can give you. He has been trained as a control specialist. Please contact him today. Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 South Third Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204. Export Office: 630 Third Avenue, New York, New York, U.S.A. 10017.

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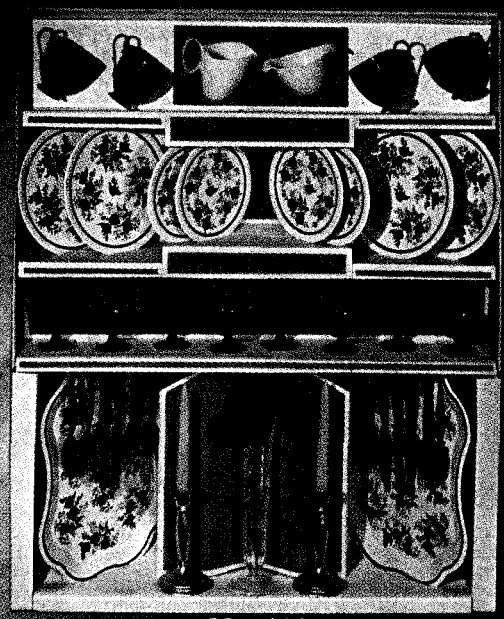
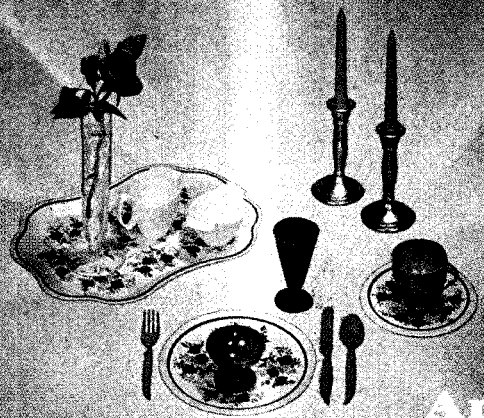


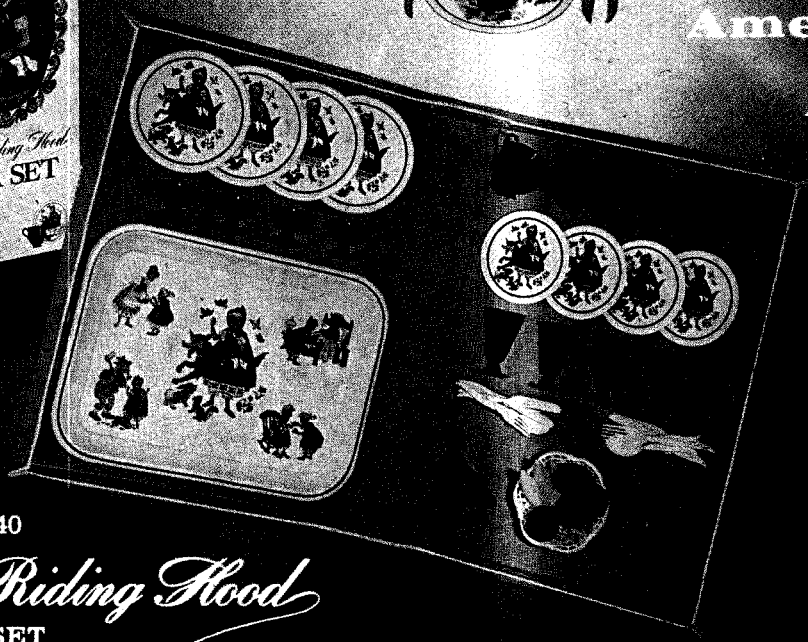


No. 444

American Beauty

TEA SET

Accessories and dishes for tea party or a "formal" dinner.
Complete service for four.
Tea set, metal and plastic.
Extra play value from the sturdy, reusable hutch package.
Shrink wrapped.

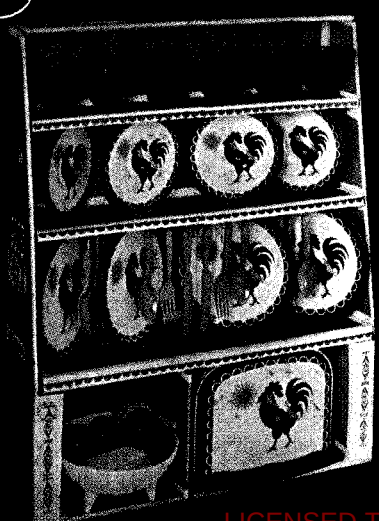


No. 440

Red Riding Hood

TEA SET

A true "storybook" tea set in a storybook package.
Complete service for four with plastic fruit for "Little Red Riding Hood's" plastic basket.
Tea set, metal and plastic.
Blister package.



No. 441

"GOOD MORNIN'" BREAKFAST SET

What a cheerful way to start the day!
Metal and plastic tea set for four plus toaster, fruit and bowl.
Sturdy hutch for added play value.
Shrink wrapped.

No. 426

BEAUTIFUL 35 PIECE PLASTIC AND METAL PARTYWARE SET

HOLIDAY TEA SET

Perfect tea set for company.
Large tray will hold plenty of real cookies. Plastic and metal service for four. Blister package.

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